

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

ABOUT HUSBANDS: THEIR PRIVILEGES AND DUTIES.

RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY THE GENERAL.

often winds up by worrying her late the grave. Now, I say to husbands, Do not let this state of things, or anything approaching to it, happen to you in your experience. Begin and go on to the end in the spirit and practice of a true partnership. The children are yours in as true a sense as they are your wife's, and, although Divine Providence has apportioned the larger share of the work of teaching and training them to her, a big responsibility for leading her all the assistance that lies in your power rests on you. Twenty years hence, if you are a good Salvationist, and should be spared, you will want to see them taking up a front-rank place in the battle of life, and holdily and successfully playing their part. On the other hand, you would deprecate their growing up to be the enemies of God, a curse to their fellows, and a disgrace to your name.

If the latter object is to be avoided and the former is to be gained, somebody must prepare the soil of their young hearts, put in the good seed, pull out the weeds, and watch and pray with tears and patience. I repeat again, that the major portion of the burden of all this loving toil, must of necessity, fall upon the wife, and especially will it be so when the children are at the most impressionable age. But I insist also, and that with all the emphasis I can employ, that the husband must take his fair share of this anxious business—and that will largely consist in hearing about the difficulties that will be ever transpiring, counselling as to the best method of dealing with them, and encouraging the wife with the discharge of her heavenly task.

MAKE YOUR WIFE HAPPY.

8. THE FAITHFUL HUSBAND WILL SPECIALLY CARE FOR THE HAPPINESS OF HIS WIFE. A certain amount of gladness is essential to her health of body, mind, and spirit. Men don't forget this when they think of their own lot. Their

sentiment on the subject is expressed in the proverb that says, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." What is true of man, is equally true of woman. Some change of mind and scene is essential to her well-being, as much her right as his, and she ought to have it. Who is responsible for this want being supplied, if not her husband? He tried to make her happy before he married her; made her presents, and took her to meetings and festivals; shared his holidays with her at the sea-side and elsewhere, spending hours conversing over matters that were unimportant in themselves and about which he cared but little, just because they made her happy for the time. Why should he not continue to use these and similar pleasing arts for making pleasant thoughts and feelings in her breast, of which he was such a master before he took her to the altar, and which will be just as acceptable and pleasing to her now as they were in the bright days gone by? I don't ask for a single one of the frivolities so common in the giddy world, but I do ask that there be a direct and persevering attempt to brighten her life, and make her feel that it is a joy to him to have been favored with such love as has fallen to his lot.

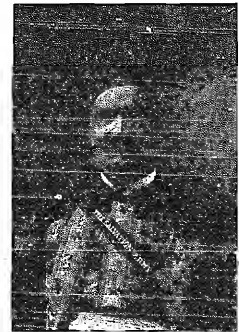
Alas! with many all these loving usages change so seriously, and so much for the worse as the days go by, that the poor wife comes to think that she is to her husband as an old song that has lost its charm—all the gladness dries up out of her soul, and life becomes a gloomy pilgrimage.

Of course, the experience of the true Salvationist will differ materially from this, seeing that there will be sources of gladness eternally new in the streams of life and salvation ever flowing in upon them, and in the ever-changing novelties connected with saving souls and extending the kingdom of God.

HOW MUCH TIME DO YOU GIVE YOUR WIFE?

9. THE TRUE HUSBAND WILL GIVE HIS WIFE A FAIR SHARE OF HIS TIME. This is a difficult subject, and one on which I fear some difference of opinion prevails even among Salvationists, so much so that I rather hesitate to touch it. Still, a word to the wise may be useful.

The utter selfishness of some wives is known far and near. They would ever keep their husbands dangling at their elbows, expecting them to have no higher aim than to minister to their comfort and pleasure, regardless of the useful work they might be doing for the lost and wretched



Joe the Turk.
A Noted Specialist in the U. S. A.

around them. But I must remark that the woman has, beyond question, a right to a fair and reasonable measure of her husband's time, and he ought to see that she has it.

As Salvationists, one, or both, will have ceased to live to please themselves. Their time, like all else they possess, belongs to God. To Him, and the service of His Kingdom, it has been dedicated, and the husband will have no moments to spare for giddy pleasure, either for himself, or to share with his wife. But she certainly has an unquestionable claim upon her husband for the time necessary for the discharge of the duties he owes to his family. For instance, he must, if possible, find leisure for communion with God, reading the Bible and Salvation literature, for teaching and training the children, and taking his part generally in the business of his own fireside. If he finds any difficulty in sparing it from other duties, let him jealously husband the moments as they fly, which will none go far to make his wife's heart glad, and his home good and happy.

(To be continued.)

PEARLS.

Rich preys make true men thieves.

Every cloud engenders not a storm.

Hasty marriages seldom prove well.

The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's.

To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman.

Peace of soul has nothing in common with indifference.

A proud heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful.

Time's chariot wheels make their carriage road in the fairest faces.

Anyone may make a mistake, but none save a fool will continue in it.

A mother's love, in a degree, sanctifies the most worthless offspring.

The man whose lively spirits are the delight of his tavern acquaintance is apt to be rather a dull companion in the family circle.

It Pays to Take Pains.

Take pains. Take trouble. Whatever you do, do thoroughly. Whatever you begin, finish. It may not seem to be worth your while for the moment to be so very painstaking, so very exact. In after years you will find it was worth your while; that it has paid you by training your character and soul; paid you by giving you success in life; paid you, by giving you the respect and trust of your fellow-men; paid you, by helping you towards a good conscience, and enabling you in old age to turn back and say, I have been of use upon the earth. —Charles Kingsley.



HAMILTON J. SAILOR'S BRIGADE AT DUNDAS PICNIC.

A SHADOWED LIFE.

A Rescue Story.

By A. D. COWAN, Staff-Capt.

A SHADOWED LIFE indeed was little Flossie's, almost from the cradle to the grave. The first shadow fell upon her when but a few days old, when the pale, weak mother closed her eyes in death, and left the tiny babe, with two other children, motherless. How they missed her loving care and unceasing watchfulness, for she had been to the children all that a mother could be. How they missed her sweet voice in the long, quiet evenings, for she would sing plaintively and softly while they waited for father to come home from his work.

"In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Mother's feet had trod at last the beautiful streets of gold, but the children were left sad and desolate on this side the river.

For a few years things went fairly well, then a stepmother came to the house, and the shadow grew darker, and thinness and meanness took the place of the love they had been used to. But for the kind words from the father's lips when home from his work, the children's lives would have been unendurable.

Gradually a deeper shadow was looming upon their life's horizon. The loving father came home one night pale and weary, complaining of a fearful headache.

"What would you do if you should lose me?" he asked his eldest child.

"Oh, father, darling, do not mention such a thing," she cried, while the tears streamed down her face.

He was seriously ill. "Small-pox," the doctor said; the fever ran high, and in his delirium the little ones were on his mind.

"Bring me my clothes that I may get up and work for you all," he pleaded, but he was never to work for them again. In three short days the terrible disease ran its course, the tender, patient father passed away and was placed beneath the sod.

It did not take long for the stepmother to decide what to do with the children, for she was determined to rid herself of all responsibility. Flossie and her sister were placed in an orphanage, and the boy, a noble little fellow, in a boys' home.

Life in the home was very different in Flossie to what she was accustomed, but under the care of her teachers, who were very much interested in her, her life was a very happy one.

Several years slipped by. Her brother, meanwhile, and consigned to Canada, and the letters he sent brought good news of success in life in the new country.

One day, when Flossie was nearly fifteen, her brother sent money to pay the fares of herself and sister to Canada. How joyous and bright everything looked, as they sailed away from the shores of dear old England, and with what bright hopes they looked forward to life in the future under a loving brother's care.

A thick fog enveloped the river so densely, as they neared the Canadian shore, that the vessel had to be stopped until it cleared away. It seemed as though the darkness were a foreboding of the deeper, darker shadows that were soon to envelop Flossie's life; but of this she was then unconscious. As she landed at the old farm house, and her brother received her into his loving arms, her young heart bounded with hope, and it seemed as if the shadows had fled for ever.

Simpler were her happier times; she loved to go to church and Sunday School. The quiet, restful, country life, with its green fields, blue skies, and warbling birds, appealed to her heart.

In her childish innocence, however, the voice of the tempter was heard, and without realizing the step she was taking, was dragged down into sin by a friend in human form. Then, alas! the darkest shadow and the deepest anguish entered into the child's life.

When other doors were closed, the door of one of our Rescue Homes was

open to admit this daughter of Eve—she had tasted life's forbidden so-called pleasures, and now it tasted as gall. It was pitiful to see one so young and childish so cruelly betrayed. Often as she sat by the fire knitting in the sewing-room, she would lay down the work and cover her face with her hands, while the most heart-rending sighs escaped from the wounded heart. Often, when spoken to and her name she would read and search her Bible, but the light would not come.

One day the Provincial Officers and League of Mercy, in their great desire to bless and cheer these unfortunate sisters, provided a beautiful supper for them. All that love could think of and plan was done, and they ministered to them at the long table with loving hands. After supper, the String Band, with the officers' singing interspersed, played some selections. The Major besought the girls to be saved.

"I feel someone ought to be saved to-night," said the Home Mother. Flossie's heart answered, "Yes, it is me."

"The wounds of Christ are open. Simmer, they were made for thee."

Over and over the beautiful words rang out and echoed through the corridors of the dear old Home.

"Come," pleaded the Major, and Flossie looked over to the table, with the lights and flowers, with wistful eyes.

"Come, my dear," pleaded the League of Mercy sister, and Flossie came down in her guilt by the sister's side, and they pleaded for her salvation; then the eternal day dawned in her soul, and the shadows fled away. Her life afterwards proved God's power to save, she was so quiet and restful. In one of the League meetings at the Home one night, she stood up with the officer and sang the strangely true words:

"Nearer my home from day to day,
I am coming nearer;
Nearer my home, my heart can say,
I am coming nearer."

A solemn hush fell upon the meeting. "Lord, who is it thus drawing so near home?" questioned the officers' heart. "I wonder which it is," for as yet the words were prophetic. The first one to be thought of was Flossie, but it proved to be her. The fact that had found sister's ways so thereby will soon stop into the golden streets, and the weary heart be still from its aching. "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

One day soon after, in the solemn quiet of the early dawn, in the hospital ward, the last shadow, grey and chill, passed over the dying face. The last whispered, "Has she come?" (meaning the Home officer) and she went out into the light and peace of the Father's home. As we looked on the sweet face in the coffin, and placed the white flowers on her breast, we could but praise God that she had been brought into the Savior's fold. Though the poor little body had been destroyed by sin, we knew that the pure spirit was rejoicing before the throne and singing with the redeemed host. "Praise Him Who loved us and washed us from sin in His own blood, to honor and glorify for ever."

"The little wailing baby came to the Home, and after a few months it all a Mother and child were reunited. 'God of steel is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

Godbey's Commentary ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

[Published by W. W. Knapp, Revisalist,
Office, Cincinnati, O.]

The latest two volumes of the above work have just reached us. They are well printed in clear, large type, and bound in stiff linen cover. Vol. V, comprises Acts to Romans, and Vol. VI, part one, of the humanized Gospels (price \$1.50 each).

Godbey's Commentary is a most useful help to the Bible student, evangelist, and Salvation Army officer. It is written in a clear, comprehensive,

pointed, and pithy way, full of vigor and zeal, avoiding all unnecessary technicalities and above all, being eminently practical for everyday use.

Our readers can best form an idea by some extracts which we select, with some difficulty, since there is so much excellent comment.

"Suicide, Succession and Doom of Judas."

15-26. Now, Peter, in his recognized seniority, proceeds to have the vacuum, created by the fall of Judas Iscariot, supplied. The prophecies here quoted, predicting the treason of Judas, did not necessitate the atrocious crime. You must bear in mind that God is not tied to the prophecies, but the prophecies to God. The prophecies are in the past tense, for the simple fact that they are histories in anticipation, seen by the Omnipotent Eye, with whom all events in all ages are present. Christ came into the world to die, a substitute for humanity. If Judas had never been born, Jesus would have died a ransom for the lost world just the same. In verse 17, we learn that Judas received a lot in the apostolic ministry. We cannot conclude that our Saviour ever sent out a stinner, or a devil, to preach His holy Gospel. John vi. 70: "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" If you will mark the Gospel harmonies, you will find these words were spoken after two years of the apostolic ministry had passed away. Unfortunately, Judas was the apostolic treasurer and financier, a very dangerous office. The love of money brought Judas into despondency twenty years, and would have conquered and sent him to hell if he had not triumphed in the Pentecost experience after that memorable night of prayer, when the love of money and all other phases of depravity were snatched out of him. We doubt not that poor Judas has an alarming internal following at the present day. Could you wrap the bottomless pit, and look down upon Judas, doubtless you would see him surrounded by multiplied thousands of preachers and church officials who were ruined by the love of money, sold out their Lord for filthy hire, and made their bed in hell. Jesus condemns the hireling shepherd, and says he will play the coward when the wolf comes. No wonder Satan's wolves at the present day are making awful havoc, slaying, devouring and scattering the Lord's sheep, when a hireling ministry is the established order of all ecclesiastical systems. Judas sold Jesus for fifteen dollars. Many a preacher now sells him for fifteen hundred, and not a few at fifteen thousand. I seriously doubt whether any other apostle has a larger ministerial following than Judas. Reader, beware of filthy hire; it sent an apostle to hell! There is no discrepancy between Matthew and Luke as to the sale of Judas, and their dissimilarity of phrasing but emphasizes the argument in favor of the veracity of both, as there is no probability that either saw the record of the other. The statement in E. V. that Judas repented is not correct. When man repents in the true Bible sense, God always forgives, because a genuine repentance is the work of the Holy Ghost, and the infallible antecedent to a true pardon. If Judas had repented, he would have been forgiven and saved. The Greek word does not mean repent, but "ached with remorse," an actual prostration at hell forment, so utterly intolerable as to precipitate him into suicide. For the same reason millions beside Judas have hurried to end their misery by suicide, a stratagem of the devil to expedite their damnation. And this horrible and undeniable remorse, Judas, seeking in vain to rescind the contract, thrown down the money in the temple and runs off to a rugged peak above the dreary valley of Hinnon quoted out to me by my guide when I was there in 1855 with furthest expedition, gets hold of a rope too weak to hold his robust, corpulent, Jewish body, ties it around his neck, swings off the precipice, the rope breaks, he falls precipitately on the great rocks beneath, bursting in twain, as the Greeks say, with a great noise, all his internal organs pushing out. Thus he dies a most horrible death, well suited to his own blood.

An example of the comments on the Gospels is given on page 2, in the article, "Rich, but a Fool."

(To be continued.)

Central Ontario PROVINCIAL N

By MAJOR TURNER.

I have just concluded a very successful series of meetings in the 11th District, taking in Gravenhurst, Bridge, Huntsville, and Orillia.

At Gravenhurst a very nice audience greeted us. They evinced an appreciation of the meetings we had and one soul came to the Mercy Capt. Howcroft and Lieut. Peck, getting well held of the people we predicted for them a real successful and winter campaign.

The Bracebridge excursion, considering the interest of the season, was a unique affair. We marvelled at the interest centered in the same, and at the splendid crowd that started off to take in the beautiful trip up to Port Colborne, 45 miles distant. The music and meetings on board the boat while courting around and between the piers and over the lakes, was much enjoyed by all, many stating that this was one of the best excursions that they have ever been on. The Bracebridge String Band added much to the interest of the proceedings, while Bro. Eddard looked well after the wants of the inner man. The excursion was very successful from a financial standpoint, the gross proceedings being \$105.

The week-end at Bracebridge was made a great blessing to all. The love-feast on Sunday morning, the holiness meeting, when four came out for deliverance, the little talk to the farmers, the explanation as to "The Why and Wherefore of the Salvation Army" in the afternoon, and the impressive gathering at night, will three souls at the Mercy Capt. Howcroft and Lieut. Peck are still alive in this Muskoka town. Ensign and Mrs. Hale, and Capt. Stickels, have a good hold of the people, and are doing an excellent work.

After doing some inspection work with Ensign Hale, visiting one of the previous night's converts, we started off the next day for Huntsville, where a splendid meeting was held. A nice crowd came inside, and two at the Mercy Capt. Howcroft still maintains its reputation as a good live Army town.

The next night at Orillia the public and soldiers' meetings were much enjoyed by all present. Capt. Wilson and Kivell are getting hold of the hearts of the people, and are seeing many souls saved during their stay.

The following night was the Haliburton Wedding at Logan St. The barracks was filled. A real interesting ceremony was conducted. Bro. Stewart and Sister Cohn, as man and wife, will, with a greater intensity, endeavor to live for God, and the salvation of precious souls.

Things throughout the Province are looking up in every direction and we are expecting a splendid anti-salvage season during the balance of the present year.

Capt. and Mrs. White have just returned from their honeymoon, and have gone to Bowmanville full of faith and determination to do a successful work in the interest of God's Kingdom.

Ensign Hale, together with Captain Charlton and Lieut. Thrift, re-opened Abnott Harbor on Sunday, Sept. 23rd.

The citizens of this community have so been cheering for officers to be sent back during the past few months that we have not been able to close our ears any longer to their demands. We hope to see this place go forward as never before.

Hamilton reports a real successful week-end last Sunday, with nearly a score at the pentecost, and excellent finances.

HEROES OF THE CROSS.

V.—Frances Willard, the Apostle of the White Ribbon.

(Taken from an Address by Lady Henry Somerset at the Recent World's W. C. T. U. Convention.)

How vividly we realize that there was a woman named a little more than two years ago, when a solemn hush came to women the world over, when tears stood in the eyes of men thrust to emotion, and when to many hearts there came that—

"Silence that ached round us."

When the human voice we loved so well was still, and the busy pen was laid aside, and we knew that Frances Willard had gone home.

What was it we had lost? What was it that made the world seem poorer, as the wintry sun shone through the grey clouds?



FRANCES WILLARD.

The hush of the death chamber seemed to fill the world, for one had gone forth who had left a place none other could fill; and every woman of the Great W. C. T. U. knew that day that she had lost a faithful comrade, that the world had lost a Christian patriot, a worker for noble causes, a woman of marvelous energy, of clear and magnetic speech, of broad outlook and of consecrated spirit; and sadness and pain filled the hearts of women in distant lands, who had never looked into her face, never touched her hand, never came into that inspiring presence, but who had known her and loved her and trusted her, because her spirit was diffused wherever—by the work of women—humanity was uplifted.

We are sometimes apt to minimize, when we look upon those who have passed on, the humanness of their example; the prominent features of strength and greatness and courage stand out so strongly that we fail to grasp the little by-ways that led to these heights. I think that if I were asked the salient feature of Frances Willard's character, I should say: The salient feature of Frances Willard's character was

Its Absolute Transparent Simplicity,

and the child-like humanness of her nature. From the days of her happy girlhood at Forest Home, in that free, bright life, and under the care of the most loving mother that ever watched the unfolding of her children, all through her college days, to the time when her great gifts brought to her a position for which she was so singularly fitted as the head of the Woman's College, you will always find these characteristics prominent: her deep human affections, her singleness of purpose, her intense trust in humanity, and her yearning after the ideal. From her earliest girlhood in the last day of her life, she held the capability which made her understand the voices of this world and the voices which came from the next; and herein, I think, lay that magnetism which none who came into her presence ever failed to realize.

I am not going to dwell upon the incidents of her life, they are much too well known; I am going to speak, not of the great recognition by which she gave up a successful profession to go out into an unpopular cause, without money, without the assistance of success, but with the love of God

and humanity in her heart. But what I want to ask you to consider is: What was it that gave her the hold over human beings such as, perhaps, we shall never see again? What was it that made it possible for everyone who came into her presence

To Feel that They had Found a Friend,

that their interests, their lives, their work, their advancement, their development, was the thing that was always near to her heart? We might answer that, in a sense, it was selflessness; but it was not only that, there was something more. I think, first of all, it was a profound belief in humanity as I have never known it realized by anyone else; and in the very darkest, dingiest human life she recognized the aureole that no one else saw. It was not that she made herself believe in people, but it was that she did believe in them. She had an intuition of their best, and although at times that intuition made her possibly exaggerate the good and minimize the ill, it never failed to call out, at least for the time, in that human soul, a real desire to live up to what she believed it to be.

I have seen her again and again come into the presence of people, whom, superficially, one would say were dwarfed and stunted and worldly, and in a few moments you would realize that the individual had caught the light of something they had not perhaps seen before: it was not any-

thing she had said, it was no startling proposition that she had laid down, but it was just as though a light had come into a dark room and suddenly illuminated that which was there all the time, but which had not been perceived. There was an absolute trust that they would understand the best, that they could not fail to see it, that their motive was the same as hers; that they, too, were looking upward and not down, onward and not back. So they found themselves

Gazing into that which They had Never Seen.

an opening of that which they had never believed in; they had come for a moment within the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven.

I have seen her sometimes in the presence of those who were professed and somewhat boastfully agnostic, and as she has drawn from them their ideal of life, how often I have heard the reader vary in which she would put her hand upon the shoulder of the other and say, in quaint New England fashion, "Yes, Honey, that is Christ, but you don't know it; all that you call goodness and uprightness and wisdom is to me Christ," but her very manner of saying it, the very way in which she looked, made people pause, and I have seen a look of hesitation come across the strongest face, as though to say, "I wonder whether, after all, you were not right and I wrong." In thousands of cases she has awakened people to see what they might be, to believe in themselves and their own powers, not just blindly to follow some leader, but to believe in what they themselves could accomplish. She had the power of

Showing People to Themselves.

not the bad or the discouraging side, but the best and strongest, life's greatest possibilities for everyone.

(To be concluded.)

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

AN URGENT APPEAL TO WOMEN.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

Through a weary, overwrought and somewhat confused mind—doubtless feeling the effects of a heavy summer's work, with its tour involving thousands of miles of traveling, the solving of many perplexing problems, and the responsibility of over seventy meetings—a stanza from Gounod's famous Oratorio, "The Redemption," like an echo from some far off shore, has been ringing all day. It has repeated itself with a singular persistence—the various duties that have required attention not obliterating the monotonous rhythm of its question: "Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Of course the interrogation refers to the world's great tragedy. It is the imaginary question put to the mocking, jeering, blood-craving multitude who surrounded Calvary's hill, when He Whose name is Love and Mercy, and humbled Himself to die as a common malefactor, and, in the throes of death, was suffering an agony more hideous than pen can depict, or speech describe, a death of such exquisite torture that even native interest in her protestations in groaning thunders that rocked the earth's foundations, and heaven refused to witness the scene, and shrouded her face with the veil of night, while the Immortal sufferer cried out, "with eyes dimmed in a mist of blood," as if the weight of a fallen world's transgression was too heavy for His Kingly form since they obscured His Father's face, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthai" (My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?)

The memory of the sweet cadence of the voices, the wondrous harmony of this great master creation of music, and the question which rings out above the clash of orchestra and the peal of the organ, brings like a living picture before me the solemn spectacle of Calvary's great sacrifice. I can almost hear the cruel hives hurled upon the bleeding Victim on the tree by the Christ-rejecting mob. The mysterious, unfathomable love of that given His own life as a purchase money for the world came back to my heart with a new message, and as in imagination

I pause and gaze upon the unparalleled scene, and see in that matchless face the unutterable horror of the world's sin, pity for the world's woe, and love for the world's needy, I also fancy not far away, mingling her tears with the Redeemer's death tears, might be found the pardoned Mary of Magdala. As I think of it, in my heart there rises a fresh ray of light, a star of hope for the great army of Magdalenes of the present day.

Turning from the cross a myriad voices stretch to me, a myriad hands are stretched out to me, a myriad broken hearts lay their bare sores before me, and the great, sad need of the living ones facing death is made plain.

There they are, in London, Eng., alone, 50,000 on the streets selling themselves for bread; in the United States there are 230,000 outcast ones, 50,000 of whom die every year without hope here or heaven hereafter, many of them flung out to the corruption of the "Potter's field." 50,000 fresh victims are required yearly to take the places of those who perish, most of whom are entrapped into this life by bribery, deception, and force. In my own fair land, too, there is an appalling need—no statistics! no, but the plague spots exist, the moral leprosy is all too evident. It places its skeleton fingers upon the home circle, snatching from its sacred precincts many a cherished and beloved child. Vancouver, B. C., has its Dupont St. Hallifax, N. S., its Algonquin St. St. John, N. B., its Sheffield District: Need? If no need, how could we find, why was it possible for this Salvation Army not to speak of other organizations to rescue over 800 unfortunate women, some of whom were mere children, last year in this fair Dominion alone?

I might write of the cause of this appalling state of affairs. I might also speak of the remedy for these evils—that Christ is the only hope, the answer to all questions, the solution of all problems, the panacea for all human sin and sorrow. But it is not my object to speak of these important subjects, but to ask every woman reader to consider her relationship to

this great multitude of "city sinners," who are the purchase of His blood. Many of these women have been deeply shamed against; they have hearts as we have, they have as we have, they suffer as we suffer, and, if saved, they can serve the Christ as the Magdalene served Him, with tender, self-sacrificing service. Many of them have had no loving mother's hand to lead them up the path of womanhood. Their childhood has been overcast with many shadows. Many have not been privileged with healthy Christian environment, many are tainted with harmful heredity. Oh, my sisters, I plead not for sin, but I do plead for the sinner!

Permit me to turn the question from the Christ, and say, "Is it nothing to you?" that these poor, unfortunate ones, who were the objects of His forgiving grace, go on in their sin and despair? Will you not help us to save them? What is your duty to your erring sister? If she is to be uplifted, your hand will be the hand to reach her. If she is to be loved back to purity, your heart will be the heart to love her. This is woman's work for women. It can only be accomplished by women. The great need of our Rescue work at the moment is consecrated womanhood. What are we to do?

"Oh," wrote the Matron of one of our Homes the other day, "if only we had a larger number of godly women as officers, how much more we could accomplish." That is perfectly true. Our opportunities in this country are limitless if we only had the workers. The work is not easy, it involves a little sacrifice, but it contains possibilities of greatest blessing and usefulness. With the many extensions of our Women's Social Department the need of officers increases. Many of our precious Rescue Staff are doing double duty. Some are very weary after months of incessant toil. Every day brings requests for more help in the Homes, and information respecting those whose health is shattered through too much work. And all—Why?—Is it because the dear sister who reads these lines has hitherto withheld "part of the price"? Let me urge upon you to at once seek the divine guidance, and, if the Holy Spirit awakens in your heart a desire to "seek and save the lost," write to us.

We need nurses, and those who are willing to be trained to care for the sick. Letters reached us last week from two Field Officers, which were appreciated greatly. They both wrote of women in their corps whom they felt ought to be in the Rescue work. Similar letters from other officers will be very welcome.

With a fervent prayer that these few lines may stir some womanly heart to devoted service for sorrowing womanhood this appeal has been penned.

"Is it nothing to you, dear women? Have ye say ye have taught to do? Your poor outcast sisters are dying unsaved."

And is this nothing to you?"

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Re SALE OF WORK.

Will the friends who are making articles for the Toronto Sale of Work (for the benefit of the Rescue Home and Children's Home) kindly send in the parcel by the 25th of October. All kinds of little articles of fancy work, such as cushions, aprons, or baby garments, or anything that would be useful or ornamental, will be acceptable.

Address parcels prepaid, or enquire for further information to Lieut.-Col. Mrs. Read, the Temple, Toronto.

Workers! Is This a Call to You?

In view of the many extensions in the Women's Social Department, officers are most urgently needed. Consecrated young women, who desire to serve the sick, and sorrowful, and shamed, have had a great opportunity to do so. Trainee nurses, or those who are willing to enter a course of training, and devote their lives to the care of the sick, are especially needed. Apply at once to Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read, Salvation Temple, Toronto.



Verse Topics.

IMPROVEMENT.

When a harvest has been reaped, it is well to rejoice and give thanks unto God, but we should not stop there. Each harvest should improve us by making us more skillful husbandmen. If the harvest was bountiful, we should try to rightly understand wherein our toll (apart from the indispensable blessings of God) has helped to make it such. If the reaping was scanty, then we should seek to trace the causes of failure. It is more natural for man to seek the cause of failure, than to search for the cause of success, because in the former case selfishness, if nothing better, compels us to desire an abundant harvest; while in the latter case abundance induces content and a desire "to leave well enough alone." Since, however, no perfection can be reached in any sense in this world, we should ever try to attain to greater success in the interest of God and the cultivation of His vineyard. Perfection is God's standard, and it is such that ever calls for upward efforts and continual improvement.

Weekly Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—Matt. xvi. 24.

There is no mistake, the statement is very clearly made by Jesus Himself, that to follow Him, we must take up OUR cross. Can you truly sing—
"Jesus, my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be?"

MONDAY.—"In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, . . . as poor, yet making many rich, as having nothing, yet possessing all things."—II. Cor. vi. 4 and 10.

By relinquishing the hopes and wealth of this world, we make ourselves possessors of eternal riches, which cannot be taken from us and are inexhaustible.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

TUESDAY.—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you, FALSELY, for My sake."—Matt. v. 11.

To suffer FOR Christ's sake is to be counted LIKE Him; what greater honor can we desire?

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not like them, untrue.

WEDNESDAY.—"Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant."—Ps. cxix. 135.

To see God's face is indeed the evidence of His pleasure with us and lights up our pathway clearly and distinctly. There can be no erring where His face is beheld.

And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may bate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

THURSDAY.—"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but he of good cheer; I have overcome the world."—St. John xvi. 33.

Blessed thought, that in God our peace is secure. The trials of this world are but purifying us for our

eternal dwelling. We suffer for a little while to gain everlasting joys.
Man may trouble and distress me,
"Will not drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may prove me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

FRIDAY.—"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."—Heb. xi. 24, 25.

There is no power given to suffering to harm the trusting soul, neither is there true joy in the pleasures of the world, if they are to be indulged in without Christ's company.

Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unalloyed with Thee.

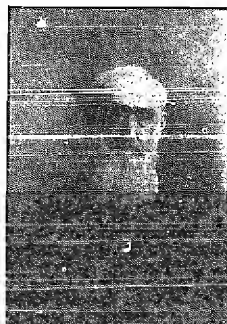
SATURDAY.—"And He saith unto them, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed Him."—Matt. iv. 19, 20.

To follow Jesus, we must follow closely, obey His commands implicitly, make no reservation, and leave the consequences with Him. Only on these conditions will our discipleship prove successful.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour,
Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
And though all men should forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I will follow Thee.

Our Soldiers' Witness-Box.

I came to this city nearly two years ago, and was then a member and minister of the Society of Friends (Quaker Church). I came here to live

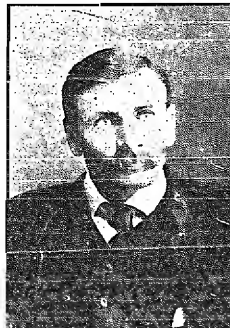


Brother Wm. P. Harvey,
Of Valley City, N.D., Corps. A War Cry helper and choir leader of 72 years of age. Collected \$10.25 for Self-Deaf, and is in for his share in Harvest Festival Collecting.

for an unlimited time with my son (Prof. Harvey). Although finding none of my people here, I found something which seemed more like home than any other place, with the Blood and Fire, Holy Ghost, General Booth, George Fox, Salvation people. After a time I was enrolled under the dear old Army Flag, which I love to carry as part of the service, when well enough to be on duty. I love to read the War Cry—most always read it through before offering it for sale, that I may be able to say something of its contents. I think I can say I like the business of selling them, as a "bodily exercise" (when the times are not too hard), but after the age of 72 so much exercise is not needed as in 40 or 50. However, I still like to talk on the street corners to sinners, be the number small or great. Yours faithfully in the war, Wm. P. Harvey.

Bro. Fred. Burger, Billings, Mont.

Our comrade was born in Germany. At the age of three years he came, with his people, to the United States, settling in the State of Wisconsin. As he grew up, the moral nature within made itself manifest, and like many other young men, he soon commenced to revel in sin's ways. He got tired of home and left his parents to come to the "wild West," only to go deeper into sin of all kinds, except murder.



Bro. Fred. Burger, Billings, Mont.

He was a slave to many habits, especially to tobacco chewing. One dollar's worth would last him a week only. On the night that he first visited the Army he had planned with a chum to commit an assault upon another man. He said to his comrade, "We will first go to the Army hall until it gets darker to carry out our plan."

Praise God, that threat was never carried out. That visit to the hall changed things completely. After leaving the hall he had no desire to carry out his evil design. Although he did not get saved that night, yet the Spirit of God commenced to work on his sinful heart, and ere long he was found at the Cross.

It is now going on three years that he has been kept by the power of God. The desire for tobacco has been taken away completely. He can be found nightly at his post telling of Christ that has delivered him from the thralldom of sin.—Adj. M. Ayre.

What a Soldier Should Know

The Soldier's Family.

A corps is a sort of family bound together, in order the more effectively to help, comfort, and strengthen each other amid the difficulties of life and the trials of the field, and in order the more efficiently to carry on the war.

Every member of a corps will, in consequence, receive certain advantages from his union with it, and it is only fair, therefore, that he should render back to it all the service that he is capable of giving, in order that he may take his full share in the conflict.

A Soldier's Duty as a Member.

In order to do this, he must attend to the following duties, and improve himself to the uttermost in the discharge of them.

He must, as far as he has opportunity, regularly attend all the meetings of his corps, conscientiously devoting to the interests of the war all the time that he can command after the just claims of his family, his business, and his health have been attended to. Amongst the meetings that it is most important that he should attend for his own soul's health are: Kneedrill, soldiers' meeting, and the roll call meeting.

Be Punctual.

At such attentiveness he should be punctual. If possible he should reach the open-air meeting or the barracks a minute or two before the meeting commences. An early attendance encourages the leader and all who are present at the beginning of the meeting, blesses the soldier who punctually, and preaches the importance of the service to all round.

To come crawling up to a meeting five, ten, or fifteen minutes late, when it was possible to have been there in time, pours contempt upon the meeting, and seems to say to everyone round about, "I don't count the matter as of much importance."

Be Faithful in Small Things.

The Salvation Soldier will attach importance to all the small duties that devolve upon him. A man who begins by paying special attention to little things in connection with his work will be almost certain to attach due importance to those that are of greater weight. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Why a Soldier Should Wear Uniform.

As soon as possible he should commence wearing uniform. The advantages of uniform are numerous and of considerable importance.

Uniform is the easiest method of openly avowing yourself as a follower of Jesus Christ and as belonging to the people. It will save him from much temptation. Knowing that he is a Salvationist, people around him will not expect him to join with them in what is godless, licentious, and worldly. It will furnish him with countless opportunities of proclaiming salvation, explaining the work of the Army, and speaking to men about their souls, seeing that those whom he meets in trains, frames, and elsewhere, will not only expect him to speak to them, but will often commence by speaking to him themselves. It will save him from inducements to conform to the fashions of the world. Instead of following its fashion, he will set the fashion for it. It will be economical, especially for the women, and will be a sign by which his comrades will recognize him as belonging to the Army, wherever they meet him.

A Constant Preacher.

Uniform will itself preach. The uniform is a preacher itself. It makes people think about God and godliness, if it is right to preach salvation with the tongue—no most Christian people will admit—it must be right to preach it by the clothes. If it is right to do this in a church, or chapel, or barracks, it must be right to do it in the streets, workshops, or anywhere else. Jesus Christ said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The Salvationist in uniform goes out into all that world in which he lives, and preaches salvation by his dress to everyone who sees him. Soldiers should, if possible, wear some ribbon, or badge, or other sign of soldierhood, when at their daily employment.

What is Full Uniform.

No male soldier can be considered in full uniform unless he has on at least a red garter, an Army cap with a red band, and brass S's on the collar of his coat or jacket, and every female soldier, in full uniform, must wear at least a Hallelujah bonnet, with a red band around the trimming, and a dark blue dress of serge or some similar material, cut as plainly as possible.

Shouldering the Blame.

Heredity is a mean refuge. A man who is old enough and sane enough to realize the consequences of his deeds, and to be responsible for them, ought to take the blame of his misdeeds. To say that he inherits a craving for alcohol or vice, and therefore must indulge in it, is a babyish way of shifting a responsibility. He who does evil deliberately and intentionally does it by his own will, and not by his ancestors'. That it may be more difficult for him to overcome certain tendencies because of heredity must be admitted without conceding the point that one is under all the greater obligation to strive to overcome them. He who pleads his faulty upbringing as a reason for continuing complacently in his faults has yet to learn what manhood means and manliness strives for.

A light head, makes an easy running tongue.

Men always begin to differ when they begin to think.

BE IN EARNEST.

By STAFF-CAPT. MUS. STANYON.

"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain and the earth brought forth her fruit."—James v., 17, 18.



I read the above verses, thrilled with wonder at the marvelous possibilities of a man, the wonders which he can attain to, and the mighty effects which he can accomplish.

We have done everything and have used every means but the most effective, and then have wondered that God has seemed to leave us alone. Our attitude has been too self-reliant, and instead of coming through hearing the palm of triumph, we have been humiliated and ignominiously defeated.

Elijah's Prayer was Earnest.

He yearned for Israel to acknowledge Jehovah to be the only true and living God. He desired that they should leave their idols, cease from their wickedness, and remember the past, which was filled with tokens of His love and long-suffering towards them as a nation. He longed that they should return to penitence, and begin again to serve the God of their fathers.

He had stood before them as a man and had dared to plead alone his Master's cause; as a prophet, fearlessly declared the warnings of God; as a conqueror, putting their hosts to flight and their prophets to death. But all this failed to bring about the desired end, and the great soul of the man was stirred to its depths, and he withdrew to a place of seclusion AND PRAYED EARNESTLY.

A sight worthy of the gaze of three worlds! It is a man in touch with God—a man whose heart is filled with one mighty purpose—a man who is resolved that Divine attention shall be arrested, and that his prayer shall be answered—a man who is seeking alone God's glory, and seeking it EARNESTLY.

He could not have prayed otherwise, because he WAS earnest! This was one of the finest points of his character, and it revealed itself in deportment, look, speech, and action. It marked him both as a man and a prophet, HIS EARNESTNESS. Does that spirit mark us? Is it one of the attributes that belongs to our character? Does that fire accompany OUR looks, OUR words, OUR deeds?

If not, we are very poor representatives of our Lord! We may be painfully conscious of our lack of educational privileges, of fluency of speech, of the ability to successfully appeal to man's reason. We may lack, I say, all these powers, which are of infinite value in our great soul-saving service, but even without these, and with the fire of earnestness possessing our beings, we shall succeed in convincing men that our message is urgent and our work is immortal.

If in possession of this unfailing weapon, let us GUARD it, and guard it carefully, so that no thief can steal it, and no power destroy it; for earnestness is a choice spirit to possess and a wonder-working weapon with which to fight. Earnestness is eloquence, earnestness is power; but if compelled to own its absence, let us get down at once, down upon our face, right down at Calvary's Cross, and plead for it until our earnest prayer prevails.

Elijah's Prayer was Effective.

He was assured of this; no ugly doubt as to its acceptance hindered, or fear as to the consequence prevented the outpouring of his soul. These restraining doubts which have so often accounted for the failure of our petitions, held him not. Elijah knew the object at which he aimed, knew well the purpose of his attainment, knew the God to Whom he appealed, and also knew the heart from which poured his prayer; and with feet resting upon the surety of promise, and with spirit intensely seeking Jehovah's glory, he stretched out his hands of faith and bled the very windows of heaven,

forbidding them to drop their waters for the space of three years. AND HIS PRAYER PREVAILLED. It was earnest, it was believing, and IT WAS CROWNED. No rain, no dew, but drought and death in Abah's realm through these long years. Then again the prophet prayed, and with the same weapons as before, he reached the skies and drew back the bolts and opened the windows, and the heavens gave rain and the earth brought forth her fruit.

We read with wonder this story of man's power, of his influence with heaven and earth, and we exclaim, "Elijah, truly thy earnestness and faith have exalted thee to the seats of the mighty, and made thee to stand amongst earth's greatest."

Reluctantly we turn our gaze from this inspiring record and read our OWN, blushing with shame at the accomplishment of our poor efforts; for is not our God the God Whom Elijah served? And is not our mission to stand before the wicked and turn them from their wickedness and lead them to our King? Is not heaven influenced and moved by the same important pleadings to-day? Are not the same reservoirs of help at our disposal as in the days of Elijah? Then why these small achievements on our part? Why such few miracles wrought by prayer mark our service? Why so many and small when, appropriating God's promises, we should be spiritual giants, and terrors to evil-doers? Why? Why? In the word we read, "They that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." Let us be honest and confess the fault is OUR OWN, and our own entirely. We will stand at the bar of our own conscience and plead "Guilt." We will cry out to the God of the heavens, and moved by the strength of our Christ promise that the experience of the past shall not be repeated in the future. Shall we? Yes, together we will; and here and now!

We cannot all be Elijahs, it is true, but as divinely-commissioned messengers, baptized by Calvary's spirit, and touched by Calvary's passion, we will be men and women in whose bones the fire of earnestness burns, and who are known as zealous, believing, and effective workers who prevail with man because we prevail with God.

Some Doings in Quebec.

By ENSIGN JOE PARKER.

You have doubtless heard of the warm-hearted Irish, the hearty kindness of the Scotch, the every-man-for-hisself of the Yankee, the good fare of the English, and the generous hospitality of the French, but, sir, when these are all combined they make a mixture almost indescribable. And this beautiful mixture is what some of my comrades and myself have been wretchedly deluged with for the last few days. Over and over I have heard comrades exclaim, "Isn't it beautiful?" "How could people be kinder?" and such-like expressions.

In company with Capt. Grose, I left Quebec, bound for Inverness, for three days' meetings, which had been carefully arranged by the kindness of Mr. Lambly, who is a warm friend of the Salvation Army, and to whose fearless efforts in the temperance cause much credit is due for the fact that Inverness is one of the few villages in our Dominion whose fairness is not beset by the open saloon. May God bless him and his associates in the noble cause. Heaven alone will reveal the good accomplished by such men.

Getting off the train at St. John's, we were greeted by the smiling face of Mr. Miller, who conveyed us over the 12 miles of road to his home, where we were literally at home during the time of our stay. The welcome of Mrs. Miller, and five hearty boys, and little three-year-old Stella, won't make anyone feel at home. The latter expressed seriously of the writer if he had false teeth, and volunteered the information that she was going to get some.

Ten at Mr. McDonald's, who is a real genius in the invention of gales

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ANNUAL Officers' Councils AND EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS WILL BE HELD IN TORONTO, Oct. 27 to Nov. 2, 1900.

that can be opened without getting out of your carriage, and closed again in the same way. Now, I'm not advertising, but this enemy Scot has got the best thing yet. May be at last have an abundant entrance through the peartly gates. Miss McDonald kindly assisted with music in our meetings, which was a great help, in company with Capt. Grose's violin.

Evening. Meeting in the Methodist Church, when your truly delivered a lecture on the S. A., which appeared to be appreciated by the audience. Of course, to report this, I am in the rather uncomfortable position of having to "blow my own horn." All the meetings were fairly well attended, considering the fact that they had been postponed from the week before, and the people had been disappointed. A number spoke at meetings received through them, and at least one soul was led to trust the pardoning mercy of God as we conversed with them about the fullness of salvation.

One beautiful story came to my ears, the subject of which says my visit a year ago had partly led to serious thought about God. A lad was out cutting wood one day, when, laying down the axe, he went into the house and comforted of his mother if she thought one could find Christ at the wood pile. On being assured that he could he exclaimed, with his eyes filled, "Then I have found Jesus." And as I conversed with him he gave the fullest evidence that he had indeed found the Saviour. Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

But time falls to tell it all. A few hurried visits, invitations to come again, Miss McDonald strikes a chord on the organ, "God be with you till we meet again," rings out, and the happy days come to a close. We hurry to the train, 11 miles away. Good-bye, friends! A thousand thanks.

Halt! One thing worthy of note I forgot. Only an old bushy exhibited by our friend, Mr. McDonald; but how it made the blood tingle in our veins. It had been in the Battle of Waterloo. A living form seemed to leap out of the far past, a warrior in that fierce shock of battle, booming cannon, mingling shouts, groans of the dying, shouts of victory about him. But 'tis over, he is gone—a human soul gone into eternity. Eternity! Where? Was he a good man or a bad man? O God, how short life is! Prepare me, Lord, to stand before Thy throne.

Sherbrooke and the Exhibition. Capt. McNancy and wisely planned a three days' campaign, and sent invitations to many comrades to come and assist. "Oh, please, please!" cried the French Adjutant excitedly, as she reached the station at Montreal and saw her train moving out. A gentleman understood, and snatching her valise helped her to make a dash for the moving train. So it came to pass that she arrived safely in Sherbrooke. So then, Abby, Robert, French, music by Capt. Downey, Jones, McNancy, and Bro. Roddick (the Hallelujah Methodist), solos and speeches also, ditto from Capt. Owens and a number of comrades from St. Johnsbury, and sections on the graphophone provided by Bro. Wilson, you can depend upon it we had an interesting time. (To be concluded.)

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Newell to be Captain at Pembroke.

Cadet A. Skinner, Bay Roberts Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Hamilton Harbour.

Cadet M. House, St. John's Women's Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Burn.

Cadet Oxeblender, Rat Portage Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Minnedosa.

Cadet Miron, Rat Portage Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Rat Portage.

MARRIAGE—

Capt. W. G. White, who came out of Winnipeg, to Capt. Marie Craig, who came out of Toronto Ill., on Sept. 3rd, 1900, at Riverside, Toronto, by Brigadier Gaskin.

EVANGELINE G. BOOTH.

Field Commissioner.



PRINTED FOR Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North Western States of America, and Alaska, John A. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, at Alton Street, Toronto, Ont.

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The Great Need.

There is always a need of officers in the Army. Our work is ever capable of extension, and the wear and tear of a progressive Army must be continually replaced. Death, sickness, and other causes deplete our ranks; hence our constant need of officers. But especially pressing is the need of officers for our Women's Social work. Our opportunities in that branch of our work are greater than we can cope with. Whole-hearted, self-sacrificing service is required of our Rescue Officers, even more than any others, and these officers have not been waiting in it; but our limited number has made their share greater, which has meant illness in many cases. We want godly, consecrated women to offer their services and throw in their lives with this Christ-like work. The harvest is great, but we lack harvesters. Should you not be one of them?

Personal.

The Commissioner's health is improving, although she is not yet rapidly gaining strength.

Lieut. Colonel Horn is again at her post and attending to office duties.

Mrs. Major Horn is very slowly recovering; although out of danger, she is unable to shun any fatigue.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Archibald has successfully undergone surgical treatment, and is progressing satisfactorily.

Major Smeaton has returned from Newfoundland. He states that the prospects on the island were never brighter. The day schools are making splendid progress, there being nearly 200 scholars attending the S. A. school in St. John's. The Winter season has just commenced, and we may therefore expect further advancement in this connection.

We regret to learn that there is little or no improvement in the health of Mrs. Gage. The Staff-Captain has been compelled to take twelve months' leave of absence, hoping that the change will materially benefit his dear wife, who has for some months been very low. Both the Staff-Captain and his wife may be assured of the prayers and sympathy of their comrades.

Adj. Knorway, just from Newfoundland, called on us the other day. For some time the Adjutant's ill health has been a great problem. It is hoped that the present change, and a few weeks' furlough, will bring about his permanent recovery.

Major Collier specialised at Lisgar St. on Sunday. He reports a magnificent day, with two souls for salvation. Things are booming at Lisgar Street.

The Commissioner visits St. John, N.B., in November, and will conduct some large public gatherings and Officers' Councils.

The meetings held at Yorkville on Sunday last were conducted by Adj. Frank Morris. The Adjutant succeeded in making things very interesting. A woman sought the salvation of her soul in the night meeting.

Bro. Helm, a soldier of Dawson, has just sold his claim, located at Cape Nome, for the sum of \$10,000. The dangerous trip to Nome was taken in the Spring month against the advice of our Dawson officers; but God preserved our comrade's life, and we are delighted with his success.

Miss Booth's Mantling.

If you are within reach, don't miss the series of meetings, which the Commissioner will conduct in October, in the Pavilion on two Sunday afternoons, concluding by a great climax in the Massey Hall on the last Sunday of this month. The subjects are attractive in themselves, but there will be a number of additional attractions in connection with the Massey Hall meeting, which will make the same a fit rival of "Miss Booth in Rags."

From Mrs. Dowdle.

Mrs. Commissioner Dowdle writes to our Commissioner: "The Lord has been very precious to me in this hour of need, and I have been enabled to say, 'Thy will be done,' from my heart. The dear Commissioner has been very ill for the last six months, and I saw that he was sinking, but I did not expect his end was so near; the Lord, however, knew what was best, and did accordingly."

"You will have seen a full account of the funeral and memorial services in the Cry, and I believe that they have been made a means of great blessing, and many souls have been saved as a result."

"We buried the Commissioner in his full uniform, and I expect to be buried in mine some day, sooner or later."

"I would very much like you to thank the dear comrades who have written such nice sympathetic letters to me, through your Cry. I prize their love and prayers very much."

"Cast Thy Bread Upon the Water."

"Last Sunday week a man who was on a spree went into a saloon in this city, and picking up a War Cry that lay on the table started reading the article on the front page. The title was 'RETRIBUTION.' When we came in from the open air he was in the shelter of the picture of misery, and in tears. We had the joy of pointing him to Christ, and of knowing that a wanderer had returned. I thought this might encourage the writer of the article, and perhaps cheer the Editor's heart a little." Extract from a letter from Adj. Barr, Dawson City.

The Latest Miss Hay.

Adj. Hay, of New Westminster, B. C., writes: "A little daughter arrived at our home on Friday, Sept. 1th, and has already favored us with several songs, according to her age and size. Mother and babe are progressing nicely."

S. A. RELIEF EXPEDITION TO GALVESTON, TEXAS.

Commander Booth-Tucker, who is ever ready to give aid and relief when emergencies call for it, has, with characteristic promptness, dispatched 12 officers to Galveston. The party was received by the Mayor, who most warmly spoke of the energetic work of the Salvationists already on the ground. A large tent has been pitched and up to the present 3,000 people have been attended to. Medical supplies have been despatched with the trained nurses of the party. Tents, provisions, and other necessities will be sent on from various centres. The financial appeals have been well responded to by the people. A meeting held in the Carnegie Hall was attended by representatives of the various religious bodies, and proved a great success, an evidence of common sympathy in the case of a great disaster. This meeting is more fully reported on page 2.



September 25th, 1900.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The British troops have reached Komatipoort, on the Portuguese boundary, which now places the entire Netherlands Railway under British control. Large bodies of Boers have crossed into Portuguese territory, where they have been disarmed. Lord Roberts is expected to leave South Africa very shortly. He has issued a proclamation that all Boers who at once surrender shall not be transported, and shall be allowed to retain their stock. Marauding troops of Boers are, however, still at large in different parts of the conquered States. The Boers have expended most of the big guns, but large quantities of ammunition, as well as great herds of cattle and sheep, have fallen into the hands of the British. President Kruger has accepted the offer of Holland to convey him to Europe in a Dutch warship. Mrs. Kruger will accompany him. Steyn and Ritz have decided to remain with the remnant of the Boer army. It is rumored that there is still a complete force of from seven to twelve thousand men in arms. Commandant Erasmus, with five hundred men and three guns, made an attack upon Bloemfontein, but was repulsed by the British Garrison.

CHINA.

Peace negotiations between China and the Allied Powers have not made any substantial progress beyond the fact that Prince Ching and Earl Li Hing Chang seem now to be recognized universally as the duly authorized peace envoys for China. Prince Ching is noted for his friendliness with foreigners. He has expressed his wish to begin the negotiations at once. Li Hing Chang has given orders for all Boxers in arms to be arrested or killed, resulting in the killing and dispersing of large bodies of Boxers. He also decapitated publicly a number of the Boxer leaders. No matter what course of action has yet been agreed upon by the Powers. Field Marshal Von Waldersee, Commander in Chief of the International Forces in China, has arrived at Hong Kong and proceeded via Tsak to Peking. Atrocities are reported to be committed by the Russian troops in Manchuria, killing defenceless Chinese, men, women, and children, without discrimination. The combined force of Germans, Austrians, and Russians occupied the ports of Peking after a severe bombardment. It appears that the greatest number of Chinese got away safely by boats in the river. It is reported that Prince Tuan, the infamous Boxer leader, is still active, and is in favor with the Russian Emperor. It is also announced that Russia has definitely annexed all those portions of Man-

churia occupied by Russian troops. Everything points to a prolonged and difficult struggle yet to come in the far East.

NORTH AMERICAN NEWS.

Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand men are now out in connection with the coal strike in Pennsylvania. The collapse of a church wall at Vankleek Hill, Ont., resulted in the killing of the pastor and two workmen and injuring three others. A Nevada bank was robbed at noon by three men on horses; they got away safely with the booty. Five hundred Canadians of the First South African Contingent, will return immediately. Colonel Otter, with three hundred officers, will remain for some time to come. Two persons were killed and several wounded by deputy sheriffs at Shenandoah, who fired on a mob of striking miners. Four negroes were lynched by a Lousiana mob.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

It is announced that Australia will adopt Penny Postage with the New Year. New Zealand is seeking to join the federation of the Australian Colonies. The French army maneuvers were taken part in by twenty-seven thousand men and twenty thousand horses. The rains in India have been continuing for some time, and it is believed that the cotton crop of the Sindh district will be excellent. The German Socialist Congress have adopted resolutions in favor of Free Trade and Governmental ownership of Railroads. The International Socialist Congress is meeting in Paris.

Coming Events.

COLONEL JACOBS

(Chief Secretary)

and

BRIGADIER GASKIN

will conduct Special Meetings at
HURON ST. (Old No. 1), Sun. and Mon., Oct. 7, 8.

THE CENTRAL ONTARIO SONGSTERS

will visit

Newmarket, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 10.
Holland Landing, Friday, Oct. 5.
Barrie, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 6, 7.
Simcoe, Monday, Oct. 8.
Russellton, Tuesday, Oct. 9.
Stavner, Wednesday, Oct. 10.
Collingwood, Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 11, 12.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit

Barrie, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 6, 7.

T. F. S. Appointments.

ENSIGN BIRROWS.

Sinclair Falls, Sat. Sun. and Mon., Oct. 6, 7, 8.
North Bay, Tuesday, Oct. 9.
Hollandville, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 10.
Brudenridge, Fri., Sat., Sun. and Mon., Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15.
Gravenhurst, Tuesday, Oct. 16.
Orillia, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 17, 18.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Middleton, Fri., Sat. and Sun., Oct. 6, 7.
Edmonton, Sat. and Thurs., Oct. 8, 9.
Calgary, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 10, 11.
Calgary, Friday, Oct. 12.
Lethbridge, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Oct. 13, 14, 15.
Mons. Jaw, Wednesday, Oct. 17.

OFFICERS, ATTENTION!—If you do not wish to sleep on the sidewalk, with a doorstep for a pillow, at the 12th Anniversary, make application for your ticket immediately to Major Turner, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

The Chief Secretary AT LONDON.

Glorious Day of Salvation and Blessing—
Genuine Cases of Conversion—Men and
Wife Become Reconciled—A Would-
be Suicide Gets Converted.

The long-looked-for visit of our beloved Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, has at last been realized. The Colonel came to us with a burning, passionate desire to be a real blessing, and to bring lasting benefit to us all, and without a doubt God enabled him to fully accomplish what his heart was set upon.

Saturday night, at 7:30 the Chief Secretary, accompanied by Major Mr. Milham and Staff-Capt. Phillips, met with us at the Market, London Market is always a busy place, but especially so at "pench and pen" time. In one corner a man was heard shouting out, "The best peaches on the market," another "The best pears and grapes," and still another with an excellent medicine that cures all diseases, while a goodly number of Salvationists were proclaiming salvation from sin to the large crowd around. In the midst of it all, the rain descended, the wind blew, the crowd scattered, and we were glad to seek refuge in the Citadel. The Colonel thought he scarcely needed an introduction to the London people, seeing he had become so well acquainted on previous visits; however, he was introduced by the P. O., whereupon he styled himself the tony girl from the boarding school, who had learned such good manners that she even needed an introduction to her own mother, when she came home, before she could speak to her. Then he went straight for the backslider and slaver, taking a beautiful lesson for backsliders.

A Good Beginning.

Sunday morning dawned clear and cold, just the Sunday one would appreciate good, hot, stirring salvation meetings—and we had them. The subject for the holiness meeting was on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The large crowd present sat spell-bound as the fiery words of truth were uttered by the Colonel in his own forcible, pointed, practical way. So interesting was the address that we could have listened for another two hours. As an officer remarked, "The Colonel can stretch a subject to its utmost capacity." Three penitent souls made a full surrender.

The afternoon meeting was held inside after a raining spell. There was a nice crowd in attendance. The Colonel spoke with great force and liberality, and one backslider knelt at the Cross for pardon. Her husband, whom she had been separated from, came and put his arms around her and a reconciliation meeting took place there and then.

The Best at the Finish.

The best wine was brought out at the last, and the power of God was made manifest in the night meeting as in no other. The Colonel had a meeting with the band at 6 o'clock. We had a large crowd in the open-air, and returned to find the Citadel filled with an eager, expectant crowd. The band boys sang altogether, "Just as I am," which seemed to reach the right spot in every heart. In a masterly manner the Colonel took hold of the hearts of the people. Oh, what revelations! The present-day sins of the people were brought before them, and into the deepest recesses of many hearts the truth penetrated. The Colonel is a thorough believer in the prayer meetings, and took hold of each one with earnestness, zeal, and energy rarely equalled, going straight for souls, urging them to an immediate decision, anxious that no one should leave the building without every possible entreaty being brought to bear upon them. The first to come was a volunteer—a poor, wretched soul, who was on his way to commit suicide; a man and wife started for the Kingdom together; a poor girl, who thought

there was no hope for her, came and pleaded that "whoever will may come"; and altogether six avowed their aims of rebellion at Jesus' feet, making a total of ten for the day. The finances were excellent, and we are already huzzing and thrusting for just such another day of blessing and victory. Come to London again soon, Colonel, our hearts are always open to receive you.—Red Riding Hood.

LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS IN THE EAST.

The East has been favored with a visit from the Territorial Secretary. FREDERICTON was the first battleground. The Colonel was joined here by the Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Raveling. The meetings throughout were of a very interesting and helpful character, and after hard fighting, three souls were brought to the Savior's feet.

ST. JOHN was visited on Monday. The Annual Exhibition opened on Tuesday, but this did not hinder a big crowd of Salvationists turning out to give the Colonel an enthusiastic reception. The procession was culled



STREET OF TOKYO, JAPAN.

Tokyo is the present capital of Japan, and has a population of one million and a half.

ed by the varied costumes of the soldiers in full dress, brass music, hearty singing, and the colored fire, which caused quite a sensation. The result was a full hall. After the usual preliminaries, Major Pickering (Provost Marshal Officer) welcomed the Colonel on behalf of the Province, Adjts. McManis and Myers on behalf of the city corps, and then at the invitation of the P. O., the huge crowd shouted, clapped, and waved their welcome. After this tornado of welcome shouts ceased, the Colonel responded in a rattling speech, "Standards" was his theme, and Salvationists especially received some soul-inspiring advice; but the stoner was not forgotten. After a well-fought prayer meeting three souls sought mercy of the prodigal form.

Tuesday night the Colonel conducted a memorial service for the late Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, formerly a Local Officer of this corps. The Colonel's address made a profound impression, and as he eloquently spoke of the beautiful life and triumphant death of our now-glorified sister, many were in tears. At the close one soul cried for pardon.

On Wednesday we had a half-day of prayer. In spite of the stormy night a nice crowd turned up, and from the first it was evident that they had come for a soul-feeding. The P. O. talked of the essentials of a "Good Soldier," and then we were treated to a solo from the Colonel, full-voiced

with a searching Bible talk. The Spirit mightily helped him, and as we knelt down, souls began to come, weeping over inconsistencies and failures. One sister asked for deliverance from her pride, the wearing of the bonnet was a difficulty; she got the strategy, and a sympathetic sister loaned her her bonnet, so that she could put her vows into practice right away. Nine souls sought deliverance in this meeting. We closed at 11:15 p.m. with a salvation war dance.

Next night was spent at St. John N. A good crowd turned up, and after the Hand-Bell Ringers, who had come to assist, had given a selection, the Colonel treated us again to one of his inspiring talks. We finished with two souls seeking pardon, making eleven for the visit. We all felt much disappointed when urgent business called him away to Toronto.

We are looking forward to a return visit soon. God bless the Colonel; long may he live to be a blessing to the soldiers and sinners of Canada.

UNITED STATES.

A most interesting item comes from Columbus. The F. O. in charge has arranged a new thing under the Salvation Army sun, and arranged it in

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Indian Famine Subscription List, in the English War Cry, amounts to £12,584.1.3.

The General is at present conducting a great campaign in the North of England. Numerous crowds attended the meetings at Hartlepool, and were swayed as if by magnetism, by the General's powerful addresses. Seventy-eight souls knelt at the Mercy Seat.

Brigadier Halpin, who is on far-leave, attended the above meetings, and was much impressed with the General's straight-from-the-shoulder talks.

Commissioner Rees accompanies the General on his present tour.

Brigadier Geo. Attenell, in addition to his present responsibilities, as head of the I. H. O. Property Department, has been appointed first Secretary to the Chancellor.

The sons of Commissioner Coombs and Major Baugh have just received promotion to the rank of Captain.

Lieut. Colonel Bates has been promoted to the rank of Colonel.

Adj. Page's arrival in London is this week chronicled by the British Cry.

Adj. Mary Murray, of the Naval and Military League, who has had charge of our work among the lads at the front in Natal, has sailed for England in the "Tantalion Castle," which is expected to arrive on the 11th. The Adjutant will doubtless have an interesting story to relate, in addition to that already recorded in her letters to the War Cry.

Major Slater has returned from his enforced rest somewhat better in health. He was present at the Chief's Camp for Locals, and later at the General's Chaplain Staff Councils, but immediately after was ordered away again by the doctor, who insisted on his taking a further prolonged rest.

Candidates' Rooms will shortly be conducted at various centres in London.

The Congress Hall, Chaplain, is undergoing such alterations and repairs as are likely to shorten up the whole affair.

One of the London stam corps has recently had three married couples converted and made into stam soldiers.

There are seven hundred officers with staff rank commanding corps in the British Fleet.

The Grecian Theatre is no more. We were afraid that, on our venturing it, the present rage for theatres would bring back the premises to their original and disgraceful character. But, thank God, no! The entire building has been razed, the notorious grounds cleared, and we understand that a new police station is to be built on the site. If the Salvation Army had done no other good in this populous district than demolish the old rendezvous of the worst classes, it would have earned the goodwill of every taxpayer. The removal of the old Grecian is a social and sanitary blessing.

GERMANY.

The proceeds of the Harvest Festival in Germany are to be drawn upon for the opening up of Prison-Gate work in Berlin. Our earnest hope is to be able to open a Home for discharged prisoners before long.

JAPAN.

The first Rescue Home is being opened in Japan.

BRIGADIER GASKIN

AND THE
Territorial Staff Band at Lippincott St.



THE DAWNING of a strong, cold wind blowing from the north, a party of red-coated Salvationists with a number of officers and soldiers in blue at front and rear marching down the streets. Boom goes the big drum, and the harmonious strains of "Abide with me" fall upon the ears of the passers-by. The people rush to their windows to see what it means. It is the Staff Band and a portion of the Lippincott corps marching to their morning open-air meeting. After a short stand they return to the barracks, where a fair crowd is gathered for the holiness meeting. Songs, prayers, testimonies, and Brigadier Gaskin's Bible reading go to make up 11:40 with a hallelujah dance, rejoicing over eight souls in the Fountain, making twelve for the day. Praise God!

A march to the park in the afternoon was followed by a stirring salvation meeting, which was listened to by a very good crowd, considering the unfavorable aspect of the weather. Serjeant Major Seale acted as weather prophet, and informed us in his address that the wind was too high for rain. His prognostications proved correct. The program included a few selections by the band, singing by the Male Quartette, and short addresses by Adjt. Morris and Adjt. Attwell, while Major Collier did good work in begging for the collection. Brigadier Gaskin, after successfully piloting the meeting through, finished up with a practical talk, after which we went our different ways, to meet again at the corner of College and Spadina at 6:15.

At the evening open-air there was a good turnout of soldiers and many, both church-goers and non-church-goers, stood to listen to the songs and testimonies which came from the lips and hearts of those composing the ring. At 7 o'clock we marched in the barracks, where a large crowd had already gathered. The opening song, "Oh happy day, that fixed my choice," to the tune of "Dear Jesus is the One I love," was heartily sung. Two or three short addresses from the visiting officers, interspersed by a selection by the band, and a song by the Male Quartette, were followed by a stirring, impressive address by the Brigadier. The truth was driven home to the hearts and consciences of the people with force, and a well-fought prayer meeting resulted in six souls coming to the Mercy Seat. We closed praying God's richest blessing to rest upon the soldiers and Local Officers of the Lippincott corps, who, with their hard-working officers, are striving to bring the lost of that section of Toronto to the feet of Jesus. The faithful crowds and increased finances, we are sure, must have been a source of cheer to those responsible for the arrangements. P. E.

SALVATION HAND-BELL RINGERS ON TOUR.

The Hand-Bell Troupe arrived in Parrsboro at 5 o'clock, and were driven to the quarters, where tea was ready for us.

We had a good time in the open-air. The crowd was delighted with Capt. McElheney's fife and Lieut. Urquhart's music.

The musical meeting that followed was simply grand. The hall was packed to the doors, and the collections were the best we have had so far for one single night.

Sunday morning knee-drill was good, but there were a good many absent. One comrade set his watch Eastern Standard Time, and in the morning he started to go to knee-drill, only to find he was an hour late.

The holiness meeting was a time of inspiration. The Major spoke with power, taking for his subject, "Sam-

son," and making us see the folly of trifling with sin. Although the crowd was small, yet we had the joy of seeing three out for salvation and one for sanctification. The afternoon meeting was good. Since we could not hold an open-air meeting, we went for a march all round the town, and half the country as well. The barracks was nicely filled on our return, and the people listened very attentively to what we had to say. Major took his text from Peter, speaking about the "Blood of Christ," which is so precious to every child of God. After the meeting the Major spoke to the children.

At night we had a blessed time, indeed. The barracks was crowded to the doors with an interested audience. Capt. McElheney spoke with power, Lieut. Urquhart played, and the Troupe rendered a selection on the bells while a liberal collection was being taken up. The Major spoke with force, his subject being "The Sinner's Confession." The subject, and the stories told by the Major, took hold of many hearts, as was seen by the results that followed in the inspiring prayer meeting. We finished up at 11:40 with a hallelujah dance, rejoicing over eight souls in the Fountain, making twelve for the day. Praise God!

After 12 o'clock, midnight, we started packing up, having to drive two miles and catch a boat for Kingsport at 5 o'clock. At 4:20 a.m. we left the quarters, only just in time to catch the boat. The morning was thick and foggy, but it came out warm and strong before the day was over. After sailing two hours in Kingsport we boarded the train for Canby, where we had the Musical Festival in the Oddfellows' Hall, which was engaged for the purpose. Although the heat was terrible, yet we had a nice and extensive concert in the hall.

Tuesday morning we left for Kentville. Capt. G. Hudson and Lieut. McWilliams had worked hard for the success of our meeting, and had engaged the Opera House.

In the afternoon Capt. Hudson borrowed a car, which we fitted up with seats and got the ladies of the party in, with the officers from Canby, to drive them around advertising our meetings.

The meeting at night in the Opera House was good, in spite of the great many counter attractions. The musical wonder proved quite the attraction, both out and inside, and although he is the walking encyclopedia of the party, he kept within bounds and kept his big words to himself.

Wednesday morning we left for Windsor, N. S. We were glad to see Adjt. Hunter at the depot, able to get around again after his long illness.

Our reception meeting at night was good and a very enjoyable one right through.

Thursday we were again delighted to welcome into our midst Major Pickering, who had been away from us to attend a wedding, and other business, for the last few days. The night meeting was the Musical Festival, led by the Major. Although there were counter attractions, we had a good crowd, which was very gratifying to Capt. Brown, who, with our meeting and a picnic, had been able to clear off quite a heavy debt.

Friday morning we boarded the Brunswick train to go back to spend a night at Kentville, on our way to Amnapolis. The day was fine, and the trip through the valley was grand.

At Kentville we had a nice crowd to our meeting. The Major led on, and we were glad to see our worthy friend, Adjt. Fraser, again. The people stayed to the last, in spite of a building burning to the ground.

Praise God, the Troupe are happy, well saved, and going on to victory.

(To be continued.)

HAMILTON DISTRICT.

Great revival thins are being experienced in this district. In four corps the results of one day's fighting (Sunday, Sept. 16th) were 16 souls at the Mercy Seat—11 at Hamilton L. 3 at St. Catharines, 1 at Dundas, and 1 at Hamilton H.



Our esteemed and newly-married comrade, Captain White, spent the day with us at No. 1. The crowds outside and in were most attentive and very large. The Freeman's meeting on Sunday morning was appreciated by them.

This was evidenced by their generous response to the collection. The band played splendidly, under the leadership of Bandmaster Clark. God was with us. A number of changes have taken place in this District since the Provincial Council. Capt. Carwardine has come to No. 1. Capt. McCann, with Lieut. Letty, have taken No. 11, and Capt. Pattenien, with her Cudet, have made a good start at Dundas. These officers all seem happy and have made their minds to let the devil know that they are about.

Our H. F. District target is \$301, and we anticipate, by God's help, on or before Oct. 3rd, having this goal reached.—A. Goodwin, H. O.

Major McMillan, the Chancellor, and the Boy Trumpeters at Petrolia.

A Stirring Week-End.

PETROLIA.—The P. O. and Chancellor, with the Boy Trumpeters, have paid a visit to Petrolia. What a glorious week-end we had, and as one who was there, I must let the War Cry readers know how the time was spent. We had a grand open-air meeting on Saturday night. A good crowd gathered to hear the music and song of the visiting comrades, and God did indeed bless the meeting. In a spontaneous program had been arranged for the Trumpeters, who, with their brass instruments and song, captivated the crowd. Then how can I describe the blessings of Sunday. If what the poet says, that "A Sunday well spent brings a week of content," then I must be the fortunate owner of a good week. With the knee-drill and holiness meeting, and the straight Gospel truths laid down by the Major and Chancellor Phillips in their addresses, the people of Petrolia should rise from their spiritual slumber into life and energy for God and dying souls. We had a change in the afternoon. We went to Diamond Park, where, in the shade, and under the big canopy of heaven, God came down on clouds to give, while song filled our souls.

The testimonies of our aged comrades, three of them making up a total of one hundred and thirteen years spent in the service of God, was a great inspiration to us. The singing of the Boy Trumpeters, "Hallelujah! The joy is gone," caught on with the crowd, amongst whom were many who were slaves to the drink, but, thank God, others who had been saved from its curse were able to give their testimonies to God's saving and keeping power. During the directing the Major gave little Ruth Churchill in the Lord. The night's meeting was a memorial service of our sainted comrade, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips. God was present. The Lord wonderfully helped Staff-Capt. Phillips as he spoke of his dear wife's life and death. Tears flowed, and God spoke to many hearts present. One sister consecrated herself to God afresh. We shall be glad to see the Major and Chancellor again. —P. I. S. C.

Surrounded by Water.

PARRSBOUR, N. S.—We have just had our second picnic. The morning of the 13th was cold, but, to our delight, the day turned out fine. While in the midst of our enjoyment the tide came in upon us and we were surrounded by water. We opened our eyes wide, I can assure you. The tide, however, soon receded and all danger passed. After tea and spending an enjoyable day we drove home, a happy crowd. Look out for news of H. F.—Lieut. J. P. Ebsary.

Special Memorial Services.

LEAMINGTON.—Having heard that the Salvation Army was holding a memorial service on Sunday evening, Sept. 30th, for the late Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, and being a lover of the Army, I wended my way to their barracks. It is needless to say that I enjoyed the service very much. Several spoke of their departed comrade's goodness and loyalty to the flag, under which she fought so nobly for many years, and while the many beautiful choruses were sung, being so appropriate for the occasion, I noticed some in the audience weeping. I stayed till the meeting closed, and was enabled to rejoice with them over seeing one soul, whose sobbs could be heard all over the building, step into the light of God. I enjoy such meetings as these. I am going again in the near future.—One who was there.

BLenheim.—Sunday night was the memorial service of our beloved comrade, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, which brought an increase in our attendance. The service was conducted by Capt. Harman. Comrades Garrod and Hiltis sang, "There's a beautiful city," after which the Captain took for his lesson I. Cor. xv. 54-55, and spoke with deep feeling. The writer had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Phillips, she having been billed for a meeting, some two years ago, and gave us a very interesting sketch of her travels on the Pacific Coast, which was greatly appreciated. May God bless and sustain her sorrowing husband. Let us keep our garments spotless, and fight the battle through, and meet her on the happy golden shore.—Ira Groom.

WOODSTOCK, Ont.—Since coming here God has been blessing us wonderfully. On Sunday night we held a memorial service for our dear comrade, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips. God's presence was felt all through the meeting, and conviction was stamped on many faces. Two sinners cried to God for mercy, one being a backslider. To God be all the glory.—Hands and Knuckles.

BIDGETOWN.—Saturday night we were comforted by Serjeant Major Gurnham, of Newcastle. In the Sunday morning's holiness meeting God came very near and blessed the few who were present. At night the memorial service of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips was held. The Treasurer read from Rev. vii. 9-17. She told of the time when she (then Capt. Wells) was resting in the Home of Rest, Toronto, and what a great blessing Mrs. Phillips was to her. She said that at the time, had been in her. Serjeant Major Gurnham also had a few words about our departed comrade, Capt. Carr sang, "When the roll is called in heaven," and Lieut. Cook, "Shall we meet?" We believe every soldier and Christian present said in their hearts, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my end be like her's.—One who was there.

NORWICH.—Saturday night the soldiers turned out in great force to welcome our D. O., Adjt. McEllig, who came to give us a week-end. We had two beautiful open-air meetings. A fine crowd in attendance and everything went with a swing. All day Sunday the people seemed very much interested. At night the Adjutant conducted the memorial service of the late Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips. The meeting was very impressive, but there were no visible results. We believe that he is working in our midst. M. Crawford, Lieut.

Go You Must.

BIRD ISLAND COVE.—Well, sir, on Sunday, all day, the wind blew a gale from the north, but on Sunday night the heavenly gates began to blow, and glad we are to say we were out in it, and it was "Go you must." Five souls volunteered for salvation. We had one happy man from the Methodist Church, and one from the English Church, and altogether we had a glorious time. Our motto is "Never say die."—J. D.

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THE WAR CRY.



Pulling Down Satan's Strongholds.

The Glory Came.

MEDICINE HAT.—We have had some grand victories during the past month. Sinners of every land have been found kneeling at the Cross and claiming pardon. A short time ago we had a visit from Adj. Melroe, the dashing Presbyterian. He is a real Blood-and-Fire worker. God bless him! We have just had an ice cream social. Judging by the pleasant smiles on the F. O's faces, it was a success. We have splendid fighting officers, good soldiers to back them up, and a go-ahead people. Why should we not have victory? There is plenty of work here for all hands. Satan is not idle by any means. He is building up strongholds that must be torn down, and with our Great Leader to help us, we are bound to have victory through the Blood. Many are under conviction, and we believe will soon come over on the Lord's side. May God grant it. This is your humble servant's second effort—first not published. Saved seven months, and getting along nicely. Believe it is better on before.—Alex. Fraser, Sergt.-Major.

Adj. Wiggins Visits St. Stephen and Calais.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.—On Thursday we had a visit, for the first time, from our new D. O., Adj. Wiggins. Calais corps united with us. Adjutant took for his subject 1 Cor. xiii. 1-3. Every-body listened with the closest attention as he in a most interesting manner sought to impress our minds that all gifts, however excellent, are nothing without charity. Friday night united meeting in Calais. The Adjutant made a very earnest appeal in the unsaved, from the words, "Why sit we here until we die?" We have been helped and much encouraged by the Adjutant's visit, and are looking forward, with pleasure, to the time when he will come again. We are making preparations for Harvest Festival, believing and expecting to reach our target.—Soldier.

Left the Meeting, but Returned and Got Saved.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Conviction tugged so closely to a fellow's heels after he left the Thursday night meeting that he returned, after going part of the way home, and cried and prayed for pardon. Good boy! Now, you get in and drive like the other recent converts. Adj. Sam Wiggins, D. O., from Fredericton, at our Corps Tuesday. He led an open-air meeting in which the rain and glory came down in first rate style. He has hung about to Jonah's while hollering for Nineveh to repent. Ensign Larder, the long Yankee, from Houlton, also shouted same night.—F. E. S.

After Sinners.

HAMILTON, N.—We are still on the war path. Our meetings on Sunday were blessed by God, and one sister found her way to the Mercy Seat. Our motto at No. 11 is, "What were we before, and what were we not before?"—Capt. McCann, and Lieut. Letty.

A Watermelon Feast.

YORKVILLE.—Staff-Capt. Creighton, assisted by his brother, Adj. Creighton, conducted a very successful week-end at this corps. Again on Thursday the Staff Captain, accompanied by a number of H. Q. officers, including Adj. Morris, who conducted his last meeting at Yorkville before going to the Klondike, led another meeting, entitled "Mine and Watermelon." The meeting was of a most genial nature; the water melon was served afterwards. Both were very much enjoyed. They all received a hearty invitation to come again. Of course, it was Capt. Richmond who originated the title of our special meeting.—T. J. Meeks.

QUEBEC.—Good meetings all day Sunday. We had with us Adj. Kenway, who is here on a visit. There is nothing slow about the Adjutant, consequently we had a real go-ahead time, especially in the night meeting, when one dear brother plunged into the fountain. Adj. Kenway, Capt. Norman, and Glory Dye had a duce around the platform. You should hear Capt. Norman holler Hallelujah. In fact all the comrades had a real hallelujah shindy. Somebody said they thought they were down in Newfoundland again.—David Cuslek, Treas.

Mark Spencey at Lindsay.

LINDSAY.—On Sunday, Sept. 8th, Bro. Mark Spencey paid our corps another visit. This time he brought with him his wife and some of the rising generation. He again made things lively with his taking Salvation songs and original addresses. Quite a large number remained to the prayer meeting on Sunday evening—something quite unusual. We had a real red-hot time, with two souls in the Fountains. To God be all the glory.—Arthur Moore, S.M.

Two Salvationists Join Hands.

REVELSTOKE.—Last Friday morning, about 8 o'clock, a small party of Salvationists could have been seen wending their way to the depot. The Vancouver train had just come in. They were three in number, one lad and two lassies. The lad was loaded with grips, paper parcels, and bird cages, and he was taking the lead, seeming to be very much absorbed in his work. His head was slightly bent forward. The lassies, Adj. Woodruff and Ensign Lester, brought up the rear. Well, to make a long story short, the next day one of our lassies, Ensign Lester, changed her name, and now has the same name as the lad who carried the bird cages. They are known now as Bro. and Sister Knight. Our friend, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, did the job. They have decided to make their home here. God bless joy and sunshine. On Sunday, all day, and Monday and Tuesday, we had special meetings led by Adj. Woodruff and Mrs. Knight. We had beautiful times. One out for salvation on Sunday night. Glory be to God! The Adjutant led us on Wednesday for Nikanau. We are expecting to have glorious times next week. Our beloved P. O. and his wife will be with us. H. P. has arrived. Watch our smoke. We are in to win.—Silvers.

Ottawa's New Hall.

OTTAWA.—God has wonderfully blessed and guided us during the past fortnight, in securing new quarters, which are located on Lisgar St. Owing to our new hall being in an unfinished condition, we were compelled to hold our Saturday and Sunday's meetings in the old barracks, from which we had, the previous Sunday, been driven. The meetings, however, were much blessed and owned of God. Nine souls fell into the Fountains. Glory to His name. On Thursday evening, 8th Sept., Brigadier Pugmire was enthusiastically received as he proceeded to open the new barracks. We had a glorious time. There was music and dancing over two prodigals coming home. We enjoyed the Brigadier's visit very much, and hope to soon see him again. The Salvation Army is conducting meetings in the Exhibition Grounds during the Fair, in a tent which has kindly been placed at our disposal.—A. French, Sec.

Some Special Events.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Last Sunday night we held the memorial meeting of Bro. Tosler, who was promoted to

Glory a short time ago. The hall was well filled, and the appeal made by Capt. Fisher to the unsaved to get ready to meet our comrade in heaven, was very impressive, and caused many to think of the hereafter. On Tuesday last, Capt. Krell arrived to assist Capt. Fisher here to fight sin and the devil. Bro. Sergeant has been very sick for a few days. We have missed him in our meetings very much, as he has always been found at his post fighting for the right. Saturday night we had no ice cream and cake social, although we had a regular blizzard from the east. We found it necessary to serve hot coffee also. Taking everything into consideration, we had a good time, and all enjoyed themselves. Net proceeds, \$10.—J. H. F., T. C.

Following the Gospel Plow.

STRATFORD.—We are still plodding along behind the Gospel plow, and are looking for some rich blessings to fall upon us in the salvation of sinners. A remark was passed a short time ago that God had left the Salvation Army, but by the meetings we have we are proving the contrary. Our operators are nearly double to what they used to be. Sergt. Moore and others of us give them the plain Gospel. May God give them grace enough to step into the fold.—Cand. J. A. Fletcher.

Visit of Ensign Burrows.

OWEN SOUND.—Ensign Burrows with us Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Sunday's meetings were times of power. One backslider returned home and others are under conviction. Lantern service a success.—Capts. Stevens and McLennan.

In for Victory.

WALLACEBURG.—Since coming to Wallaceburg we have had some good times. Two backsliders have returned to the fold. We are now very busy with Harvest Festival. Our target is high, but by the help of God, we shall win.—Capt. and Mrs. Huntington.

Ensign Perry on the War Path.

DAUPHIN.—"He is too good to live." This was the verdict of one of Dauphin's citizens after hearing little "Arthur." Ensign Perry's songster, shuz. These two specials arrived on Saturday night and conducted four days' special meetings in town and vicinity. Though disappointed in crowds, in consequence of the heavy rain on Sunday, yet the meetings, on the whole, were crowned with blessing. "Little Arthur's" singing took the huns. Dauphin people say, "Come again," to both.—Geo. S. Gamble, C.O.

Third Anniversary.

BILLINGS, Mont.—We have just celebrated our third anniversary here, and although we have not accomplished all that we have desired, yet a good work has been done. We do not see all the results of our labors amongst those ranchers, herdsmen, and transient people—some of our people are scattered all over, one at the Philippines—yet we are battling on, doing our best to warn men and women to repent.—M. Ayre, Adj.

Hallelujah Wedding.

MONTREAL.—On Thursday evening, 13th inst, in the No. 1 barracks, Bro. M. Henderson, from London, Eng., was married to Sister L. A. Wells, who has also just arrived from the Old Country. The ceremony was conducted by Staff-Capt. Barditt, assisted by the Rev. A. Rowan, of the Methodist Church, in the presence of a large congregation, who wish, with us, that every sinner should find freedom from sin. The bride and groom, who have promised God that, come what may, He shall be first. After the ceremony was over, Bro. and Sister Henderson both testified to the saving and keeping power of God. With an appeal to the sinners present, the meeting closed, everyone feeling that a most enjoyable evening had been spent, and one which will be remembered for some time to come, especially by your humble War Correspondent.—E. L. Graves.

A Glorious Week.

MONTREAL, N.—Good times all week. We had Brigadier Pugmire with us Sunday night—a real blessed time. Two souls came to God. Soldiers had a dance. Everybody was glad. Six souls for the week. Praise God!—W. G. R. C.



Ensign Ottawa, Ottawa.

Brigadier Pugmire with Us.

PIESCOT.—"God bless you, Captain, how is the fight?" were his words as he lighted from the train. "Well, we have much to thank God for, souls are being saved, and we have you down to enrol five recruits under the Blood-and-Fire Flag." "Bless the Lord, that's beautiful! All glory to God." Our open-air was a time of blessing. Hundreds listened to the Brigadier. His singing reached their hearts, and amid much conviction, we started for the barracks, where a beautiful crowd awaited us inside, also around the hall standing on the sidewalks. Outside numbers gathered, and through open windows and door listened to the burning words of the Brigadier. At this juncture five comrades stepped forward and were publicly enrolled as soldiers of the Salvation Army. "God's love," the theme of the Brigadier's address, was listened to most attentively by all present. Rev. C. Hargraves and Bro. and Sister Castleman assisted us. Good collections. Hallelujah finish. Christians blessed, and great conviction among the sinners. Come again, Brigadier.—Hallelujah Scotchman.

Enrolled Six Recruits.

GARNSHILL.—Seeing we have only a little bit of the world to call our own, I thought our readers might have forgotten we were here, but we are about all the same, and alive, too, klicking the old devil every chance we get. We had our D. O., Adj. Newman with us the other night, and had a good time. We have also turned six recruits into Blood-and-Fire soldiers. We are having very good times and in for victory and glory.—J. Wiseman.

A New Band.

GLACE BAY.—An immense crowd greeted our band boys on Saturday night as they made their first appearance on the street with their new instruments. The music is first class, and the uniforms are increasing wonderfully. Our H. P. target is only \$110, which will be collected before this is in print. Our barracks is now nicely fixed up inside and presents a neat appearance, thanks to the push of Ensign Parsons and the talent of Capt. Leadley, who is making a name for himself as a painter. The work is progressing favorably in Glace Bay. One soul saved on Sunday night.—Sergt.-Major.

In Love with the Place.

HEARTS' CONTENT.—We have just got settled to work in our new station, and already love the place and the people. The soldiers are all that could be desired, no trouble in getting them to the meetings. The War Cry Sergt.-Major, Mrs. Seaward, is a great hustler, sells her War Cry every week. Her name is well known around Newfoundland for her devotion to God and her loyalty to the Flag.—E. Sprunkel, Capt.

Keeping Up the Battle.

NORTH SYDNEY.—The war is still progressing and things are looking bright. The hot weather devil has a busy season on, but determined courage on the part of our officers and soldiers makes us eager to keep up the battle. We shall win by the grace of God. The sound of Harvest Festival is in our ears, but with such leaders as we have, victory is sure. Watch us.—Munda Pike—Sec.

Pars. from the Pacific Province.

WRITTEN BY STAFF-CAPTAIN TAYLOR.

Just five days after arriving home from their tour through Montana, Major and Mrs. Hargrave started out again for a tour through British Columbia. The wild, rugged mountain scenery on this trip will be a pleasant change from the tedious public ground traveled over on the previous tour. The Chancellor accompanied the Majors to Rossland for the week-end. Familiar strains of music are heard as we near the station, and on alighting from the train we find Adj. Stevens and Capt. Gahn, with the band, at the depot to give us a welcome. God bless them!

Rossland is a growing town, and the Army is bent on keeping pace. We have a fine corps, a good funder work, and a fine barracks to fight for God in. The barracks, by the way, has just been painted, and it presents a splendid appearance.

The soldiers and people turned out well, and the meetings were much enjoyed by all. The Major took the Bible Class at the Company meeting, four other Companies being instructed by their leaders at the same time.

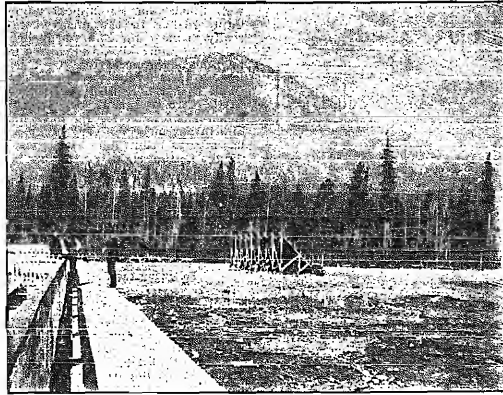
We are glad to hear that Sunday work at the mines will soon be a thing of the past; some have already closed down on that day, and the famous Le Roy and Wor Eagle mines will also follow suit after the 1st of October.

A few hours' run on Monday morning brings us to Robson's Landing, where we part company. The Major going by boat to Revelstoke, myself going on to Nelson.

What a warm-hearted lot the Nelson brass are! No wonder Adj. and Mrs. McGill are delighted with them. The two meetings held here were full of life and blessing, and we were much disappointed to have to close without seeing anyone saved. Capt. Haas, who is on special work, assisted with the meetings at Nelson, and accompanied the chancellor to Fernie, a prospective opening on the C. P. R. line not far from the Crown's West Pass.

Fernie is a coming town. It is only three or four years old, but already it has a population of 2,000. The coal mines are about five miles away, but most of the miners live in the town, free transportation being given them to and from the mines. The great coke ovens, for which Fernie is becoming noted, are right in the town. By the time this is in print there will be 200 going full blast. The row is reported to them by rail direct from the mines, each oven, at 1000, has a capacity of three tons, and it takes about three days burning. The coke, which is considered the best in the country, is shipped in great quantities to the many "smelters" at different mines.

The sight of these long rows of "ovens" burning at night is something one is not likely to soon forget.



VIEW OF FERNIE, B.C.
One of the youngest towns of British Columbia.

We were delighted to find quite a number of uniformed Salvationists here, fully alive to the needs of the place and anxious to have the Army open fire. Among others, we were glad to see Bro. McMillan, formerly of Glacier Bay, J. S. S. M. Teelers, of Lethbridge, and Bro. Brooks, of Penelon Falls, also Bro. and Sister McCoo (formerly Captain Kemp). A large crowd turned out to the open-air, and the hall was full. The people were much interested and the meeting was a treat to the comrades there. At the close, a young man sought salvation.

The people of the place are very kindly disposed towards the Army, and would like to see our flag planted there; even John Chishman was anxious to know if "Salvation Armies" were coming. We were delighted with the prospects, and it is more than likely in the near future the old Army drum will be heard in the little mountain-sheltered town of Fernie, calling sinners to repentance.

Adj. Bob Smith's Travels

With the Indians in Various Places—Stevenson Stirred—Vancouver Held by the Indians on July 1st—Outrigger—Victoria Visited—Grandmother Goes to Glory.

I left Port Simpson on the good S. S. Tees, on Sunday, June 24th, at 5.30 p.m., we got to Metlakatla at 7 p.m. The English Church service was just over, and several Indians were coming on board to go to the fishing grounds. At 8 p.m. we left for Skidegate, on Queen Charlotte Islands. We had a very nice meeting on board, and everybody seemingly enjoyed it. Peter Haldane, a native teacher, interpreted to the Indians.

We arrived at Skidegate at 6 a.m. Monday, stayed there four hours and returned to the Skeena River at 8 p.m. I met Ensign Thoroldson and some of his people at Port Essington. We left the Skeena River again at 3 p.m. Tuesday, arriving in Vancouver after a good passage, at 7 o'clock Friday morning.

Here I met a lot of soldiers and people from Port Simpson, who had come down a few days previous. We took possession of Vancouver, as far as the Salvation Army was concerned, for the 1st of July. Big crowds attended, some souls were saved, many blessed, and good collections were given.

Indians and Whites at a Sun Fight.

On Tuesday night Adj. Woodruff and her staff had arranged a soldiers' tea. Indians and whites enjoyed ourselves together.

The following week-end we were in Stevenson, which is the seat of the salmon fishing on the Fraser River. We held three meetings, had good crowd, and, I believe, did some good. We kept this up until the first week in August. Many of the soldiers and handmen turned out real well, and we had good times together. The fish were scarce, and the prospects were not very good for a good season.

One young man, a slave to drink, stopped me one evening, wanting to talk, and we got down to real earnestness. I had another good talk to him afterwards. It seems that he was brought up well, had loving parents, but evil influences and drink drove him to the bad. Friends, pray for him. He is some mother's boy, and brings in Jesus by right.

Then I had the pleasure of visiting a few old friends on the Fraser, part of one of my untrilling duties, and much joy was expressed when they saw me.

Backslider Reclaimed at the Fence Corner.

One soldier had backslidden, but when out in his garden showing me his crops, I showed him Jesus as the sower of his backsliding. We got down alongside the fence and poured out our hearts. He confessed his backslidings, and, I believe, was saved again.

There are quite a few soldiers through this part. It seems a pity that there is no officer now outriding here.

An officer who labors among the Indians is expected to do many things. So I had to go to Victoria on business, and had the pleasure of spending my last week-end in Victoria with Capt. Scott, Cadet Buck, and their soldiers. On Saturday night an ex-officer from Callaghan came out and got saved. He had been a backslider for four years.

The Military and Naval League was well to the front. If these lads fire those huge guns as straight as the Gospel shafts were fired that Sunday, war is the enemy. It was good to be there, and Capt. Scott is in love with Victoria and her soldiers.

I sailed 12 p.m., Sunday, for Port Simpson. We called at Vancouver and loaded freight for 18 hours. I

said good-bye to Adj. Patterson and wife. They had been very kind to me.

I arrived in Port Essington Saturday morning. Met Ensign Thoroldson and some soldiers. The Ensign had put three or four ribs out of alignment, and consequently was not feeling at his best. Dr. Bolton fixed them, and no doubt ere long he will be all O. K. again. If he had one of Adam's spare ribs to nurse him it would have been more comfortable for him. I stayed four days in Essington, and arrived home Wednesday. A very familiar face was missing—a friend, or grand-mother. From the first when I came to Simpson she was to be my grand-mother. She was a home-top saint. "Always rejoicing" was her motto. She had a little laugh when others looked gloomy. If a meeting was not lively, very often her little song and testimony gave new life. She was only sick four days, and said that she regretted that she could not see the soldiers and myself, and have another sing in the barracks before she died. But she sang one of her favorites before she died, "Will you go to the Eden above?" One of the sister soldiers who was with her said she was, and she had a glimpse of heaven, and she said it was a beautiful place. We'll meet again.—Robt. Smith, Adj.

Tit-Bits from Mid-Ocean

BERMUDA.

Some changes have taken place since last report. Capt. F. Clark and Lieut. Mowbray and Metcalf have arrived and received a proper welcome.

Captain Clark and Lieut. Mowbray have made a good start in the St. George's corps. A few souls have got saved and the crowds are good.

Somerset is not behind the times, but, with its able leaders, Captain Bell and Lieut. Metcalf, is making a good fight for souls. One prisoner was taken last week: it was a man who broke into the quarters. He was arrested and sent to jail for a month.

Capt. Cowan, of Southampton, is quite ill at present, yet the corps is doing fairly well.

Hamilton corps is still marching on. We have had some grand open-air meetings, and, thank God, a few have been saved at the drum head. We held open-air meetings at Warwick and the duns every other week, and have large crowds. Capt. Brebant is now our A. D. C.

Four of our League boys, of West India Regiment, have gone to St. Helens. Those who remain are doing well.

The Army's the thing in Bermuda. A new yacht in the harbor flies the Army flag, while another small boat is called the War Cry.

The little note in the War Cry, saying the Commissioner intends coming to Bermuda in November, has spread like wild-fire, and everybody is getting excited. What a time there will be! "The crowds we shall have! The souls we shall see saved! Pray for this, comrades."

Our League boys of the 2nd Worcester Regiment, who have been to the front in South Africa, are made of the right material, in spite of long marches, fevers, wounds, and loss of comrades, they write such cheering letters and give bright testimony of God's saving power. A letter to hand from Brigade Serjeant, Woodhouse says, "I am going to Ceylon with prisoners, Dros. Wilson and Mullin are also going. I trust I may be the means, in God's hands, of bringing souls to the foot of the Cross on the voyage. Both Dros. and Wilson have a soul to save. Pray for me."

Also a letter to hand from L. C. Kilmister (Sunshine) saying there are only four of the League left on the field—Johnson, Smith, Hayes, and himself. The rest of the boys have gone into hospital with wounds and fever, while some have gone to glory. S. Miller, D. O.



GRAND MOUNTAIN, NELSON, B.C.

OUR HISTORY CLASS

II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XXI. POMPEIUS AND CÆSAR.

Pompeius and Cæsar were great rivals at this time. Pompeius desired to keep the old framework, while Cæsar made up his mind to take the lead and mould them afresh. This he could not do, while Pompeius was looked up to as the last great conqueror. So Cæsar meant to serve his constituents, take some government where he could grow famous and form an army, and then come home to reform things. After a year's service in Spain as propretor, Cæsar came back and made friends with Pompeius and Crassus, giving his daughter Julia in marriage to Pompeius, and forming what was called a triumvirate, or union of three men. Thus he easily obtained the consulship, and showed himself the friend of the people by bringing in an Agrarian law for dividing the public lands in Campania among the poorer citizens, not forgetting Pompeius' old soldiers; also taking other measures which might make the Senate recollect that Sulla had foretold that he would be another Marius, and more.

After this, he took Gaul as his province, and took seven years subduing it, hit by hit, and in making two visits to Britain. He might pretty well trust the rotten state of Rome to be ready for his interference when he came back. Clodius had actually dared to bring Cæsar to trial for having put to death the friends of Cæsar without allowing them to plead their own cause, and the people banished him four hundred miles from Rome. His exile only lasted two years, and then better counsels prevailed, and he was brought home by a general vote, and welcomed triumphantly.

Pompeius did all he could to please the Romans, when he was consul, together with Crassus. He had been for some time planning, and the senate did theatre in the Campi Martii, after the Greek fashion, open to the sky, with tiers of galleries circling round an arena; but the Greeks had never used such theatres, and the new sports for which this was intended. When it was opened, five hundred lions, eighteen elephants, and a multitude of gladiators were provided to fight, in different fashions, with one another, before thirty thousand spectators, the whole being crowned by temple to Commerce Venus. After his consulship, Pompeius took Spain as his province, but did not go there, nominating it by deputy; while Crassus had Syria, and there went to war with the wild Parthians on the Eastern border. In the battle of Carræ, the army of Crassus was entirely routed by the Parthians; he was killed, his head cut off, and his mouth filled up with beaten gold in scorn of his riches. At Rome, there was such distress that no one thought much even of such a disaster. Bribes were given to secure elections, and there was nothing but tumult and uproar, in which good men like Cicero and Cato could do nothing. Clodius was killed in one of these frays, and the mob grew so furious that the Senate chose Pompeius to be sole consul in their stead; but this he was able to do only for a short time. There was a feeling that Cæsar was wanted, but Cæsar's friends said he must not be called upon to give up his army unless Pompeius gave up his command of the army in Spain, and neither of them would resign.

Cæsar advanced with all his force as far as Ravenna, which was still part of Cisalpine Gaul, and then the consul, Marcus Marcellus, begged Pompeius to protect the commonwealth, and he took up arms. Two of Cæsar's great friends, Marcus Antonius and Cato Cæcilius, who were ill-humoured, forbade this; and when they were not heeded, they fled to Cæsar's camp seeking his protection.

So he advanced. It was not lawful for an Imperator, or general in command of an army, to come within the Roman territory with his troops, except for his triumph, and the fifth river Rubicon was the boundary of Cisalpine Gaul. So when Cæsar crossed it, he took the first step in breaking through old Roman rules, and

thus the saying arose that one has passed the Rubicon when one has gone so far that there is no turning back. Thus Cæsar's army was not small, his fame was such that everybody seemed struck with dismay, even Pompeius himself, and instead of fighting he hurried off all the senators of his party to the extreme south. Cæsar marched after them thither, having won all Italy in sixty days. As he advanced Pompeius embarked on board a ship and sailed away, meaning, no doubt, to raise an army in the provinces and return—some feared like Sulla—to take vengeance.

Cæsar was appointed Dictator, and after crushing Pompeius' friends in

Spain, he pursued him to Macedonia, where Pompeius had been collecting all the friends of the old commonwealth. There was a great battle fought at Pharsalia, a battle which nearly put an end to the old government of Rome, for Cæsar gained a great victory; and Pompeius fled to the coast, where he found a vessel and sailed for Egypt. He sent a message to ask shelter at Alexandria, and the advisers of the young king pretended to welcome him, but they really intended to make friends with the victor; and as Pompeius stepped ashore he was stabbed in the back, his body thrown into the sea, and his head cut off.

to the fraternal societies, who conducted their beautiful funeral rites. Our hearts go out for the bereaved wife and fatherless children, and we pray God's richest blessings upon them.—O. Shoemaker.

Mrs. J. S. M. Geare, of Strathroy, Promoted to Glory.

After a long and very painful illness God has seen fit to take our comrade home. Her sickness was borne as only a child of God can do, and while her prospects here were good, and evidently a happy future before her, she was willing to say, "Thy will be done," and to go home at the call of her Lord. We gave her a soldier's funeral. At the barracks the service was conducted by Ensign Wakefield, Capt. and Mrs. Kerswell sang, "When the roll is called in heaven," and the Ensign spoke earnest words of warning to the shiner, and rejoiced with the saved ones because of the hope we have of seeing our comrade again. We marched from the barracks to Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, where the Ensign, assisted by Capt. Kerswell, conducted a short service. "Thus we laid to rest one who has been a faithful soldier of the Cross, and having fought a good fight, has gone to reap his reward. The deepest sympathy is felt for dear Bro. Geare, but only by the comrades, but by the people of the town.—One who was there.

A Veteran Saint Goes Home.

BRANDON, Man.—Father Kilfoil was one of the first soldiers to Brandon. He was converted when a young man, and for about seventy years served God with all his heart. He was one of the brightest Christians you could meet with. Many and many a time he has made the old barracks ring with shouts of praise to God for His goodness to him. He went to Metzger to live for a time, and from there was promoted to Glory. We were unable to get to see him, but he died as he lived, and his end was peace. E. Hayes.

To be afraid of your friend is to lose him.
The truly great are usually the genuinely humble.

✻ GONE TO HEAVEN. ✻

Across the River.

MEMORIE.—Death has again visited our corps, and taken from our midst Sister Jane Coffey, who has been a faithful soldier for over fifteen years. She was converted when a girl, and shortly after the Army opened fire in this little town, she joined their ranks. She was about 80 years old, and up to about five years ago she was frequently on the march, often carrying a flag and shouting, "Glory to Jesus." The past few years she has been unable to attend meetings, but she was continually thanking and praising the Lord. A few days before she died Capt. Grant visited her. She asked him to sing, which he did. I called to see her the Sunday before she died. She requested me to read and pray. I read for her the 27th Psalm and prayed. When I arose from my knees, she said, "I am going to die this time. I am so sick." I said, "You are not afraid to die?" She smiled and said, "Oh, no, I am on the rock firm and sure. Jesus is with me. Praise His holy name." I talked to her for a few minutes, then bid her good-bye. She asked me to come back on Monday. I told her I was going to the city, and would not see her until Thursday. She held my hand and said, "I shall be dead and buried before that time, and will never see your face here again." I assured her if that should be the case we would meet in heaven. She said, "Praise the Lord for that." It was her desire to be buried by the Army, but owing to the officers being at the barracks in the city, there was no one to conduct the funeral service, so the Rev. Mr. Kamhuwin, Presbyterian Minister of this place, kindly conducted the service. A few words were true, she was buried before I got back. Shiner, be ye also ready, for in a day when ye think not the Lord will call you.—Rev. Cor. Mrs. Cornell.

From Brantford to Glory.

"Bro. Geo. Robinson was almost instantly killed but a short time ago." Such was the sad intelligence conveyed to Adj. McGillivray and the comrades present at the open-air meeting on Thursday evening, Sept. 6th. Our hearts almost stood still within our breasts, and we could scarcely realize that one, who but a few hours previously was engaged at his work, now lay cold in death. The meeting was at once closed, and we all turned our attention to the comforting of our dear sorrowing comrade, Mrs. Robinson. Upon reaching the house we found already that kind hands were doing all in their power to comfort her and we prayed that God would supply her with sustaining grace.

Though Bro. Robinson had been in our midst for only a few weeks, we had learned to love him, and knowing that he had been an exceptionally faithful soldier for a number of years in the town of Tilsonburg, we could not help but feel the great loss very keenly. Since coming to Brantford he had been engaged as a R. T. R. yardman, and at the time of the accident he was in the act of passing between two portions of a train just as the engineer received the signal to back for the purpose of making a coupling, when he was caught and crushed almost instantly to death. We had the consolation of knowing that he was well prepared to meet his Maker, and knew that he had but been hur-



Major Morgan. Lieut. Duder. Sergt. Ridout. Sister Lacombe.
Capt. Trask. Sergt. Cooley.

COMPETITION CHAT

Arab in Undisputed Lead—Mag Sympathises with Nigger and Keeps Him Company—The East Unable to Stand Against the Allies—Cadet Cook the Champion Seller.

Major McMillan is a Scotchman who keeps the Sabbath and every other thing he can lay his hands on, among those in the Hustlers' Competition. He's been beaten now and then, but has always rallied. His Arab has most remarkable powers of recuperation.

Poor Nigger feels, doubtless, downhearted. It is a pity that the G. O. P. should fall so low. Fancy, only 65 Hustlers this week! Mag, doubtless out of consideration for Nigger's feelings, did not push past him, but stops with him, but I hope not for good. Take heart and start again.

The East! What about the East? Oh, nothing new this week. The allied Provinces have hopelessly taken the upper hand and are about to establish themselves for the winter. Whether they will succeed depends entirely upon the ability of the East to rise to its opportunity, which is doubtless unlimited, in a sense.

Cadet Cook, of Winnipeg, has now, for three weeks in succession, held the Territorial championship of selling the greatest number of War Crises. Her total this week is no less than 258 copies. My dear Cadet, you are the best Cook we know of. Keep on making it hot for the devil, but never get in a stew.

Mrs. Adj. Fraser holds second place with the magnificent total of 224. Third place is due to Capt. Gibson (222). Special mention deserve Capt. Ziebart (210), Lieut. Edwards (170), Mrs. Adj. McGill (163), and Sergt. Conrad, of Halifax (160). The ladies' total totals are excellent. God bless the hustlers of the white-winged messenger of peace and good will.

Read the challenge in connection with the Klondike list.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. Gibson, London | 226 |
| Lieut. Edwards, Brantford | 179 |
| Capt. Finley, Windsor | 115 |
| Lieut. Harner, 3rd Ontario | 115 |
| Capt. DeLam, Hamilton | 100 |
| Capt. Stitzer, Galt | 100 |
| Lieut. Kunkle, Woodstock | 95 |
| Mrs. Capt. Hunsington, Wallaceburg | 85 |
| Amble Wright, Lugersville | 85 |
| Mrs. Adj. McGillicuddy, Brantford | 83 |
| Capt. Coe, Goderich | 80 |
| Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Stratford | 80 |
| Mary Moore, Stratford | 79 |
| Capt. Hunter, Stratford | 75 |
| Capt. Johnson, Forest | 75 |
| Sister Bryson, Petrolia | 72 |
| Lieut. Carley, Windsor | 70 |
| Capt. Howcroft, Sarnia | 70 |
| Lieut. Thomas, Sarnia | 70 |
| Lieut. Milsey, Hespeler | 69 |
| Capt. Williams, Woodstock | 67 |
| Capt. Collett, Essex | 62 |
| Sister Garson, Petrolia | 62 |
| Capt. Hancock, Palmerston | 61 |
| Sister McDougall, Goderich | 59 |
| Chad. Galt, Guelph | 56 |
| Mrs. Down, St. Thomas | 50 |
| Mrs. Adj. McHarg, Sarnia | 52 |
| Mrs. Richards, Guelph | 51 |
| Mrs. Root, Chatham | 51 |
| Ensign Wakefield, London | 50 |
| Fred Palmer, London | 50 |
| Mrs. H. Ginn, Ridgeway | 50 |
| Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Seneca | 50 |
| Ensign Crawford, Galt | 50 |
| Capt. Fyle, Wingham | 50 |
| Lieut. Stickells, Wingham | 50 |
| Adj. McMillan, Brantford | 47 |
| Corps-Cadet Chubb, St. Thomas | 45 |
| Capt. White, Clinton | 45 |
| Lieut. Penney, Bleheim | 43 |
| Capt. Campbell, Paris | 43 |
| Capt. Hucker, Tilsonburg | 40 |
| Lieut. Kitcher, Tilsonburg | 40 |
| White Hills, Woodstock | 40 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| Eyn Shapson, Guelph | 40 |
| Lieut. Greenwood, Berlin | 40 |
| Sister Schuster, Berlin | 40 |
| Lieut. Crawford, Norwich | 40 |
| Lieut. Plant, Bayfield | 40 |
| Ensign Gamble, Guelph | 35 |
| Mother Broadwell, Kingsville | 35 |
| Mother Cutting, Essex | 35 |
| Sister Ellis, Dresden | 34 |
| Capt. Brooks, Thedford | 30 |
| Mrs. Bateman, Stratford | 30 |
| Roe, Virtue, Windsor | 30 |
| Capt. Carr, Ridgeway | 30 |
| Arthur Jordan, Chatham | 30 |
| S. M. Jackson, Stratford | 30 |
| Lieut. Cook, Ridgeway | 28 |
| Capt. Jarvis, Berlin | 27 |
| Capt. Thompson, Wyoming | 27 |
| Sergt. Dondling, Hespeler | 27 |
| Mrs. McGilroy, St. Thomas | 25 |
| Capt. Copeman, Petrolia | 25 |
| Capt. Dowell, Seaford | 25 |
| Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg | 25 |
| Chad. Ellis, Sarnia | 25 |
| Mrs. Anderson, Watford | 23 |
| Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock | 23 |
| Mrs. Lamb, Stratford | 22 |
| Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg | 21 |
| Bro. Fleming, London | 20 |
| Capt. Beach, Bothwell | 20 |
| Bro. Mangrove, Wexford | 20 |
| Mazie Smith, Tilsonburg | 20 |
| Corps-Cadet Dixon, St. Thomas | 20 |
| Mrs. Hocklas, St. Thomas | 20 |
| Mrs. Burney, St. Thomas | 20 |
| Stanley Gaudama, Chatham | 20 |
| Mrs. Fuller, Chatham | 20 |
| Sister Chivers-Smith, Dresden | 20 |
| Capt. Mathers, Norwich | 20 |
| Capt. Bonney, Brantford | 20 |
| Capt. Kerswell, Stratford | 20 |

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

45 Hustlers.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Sergt-Major Dingley, Ottawa | 115 |
| Capt. Randall, Ottawa | 113 |
| Ensign Outway, Ottawa | 113 |
| Capt. Wood, Arnprior | 110 |
| Sergt. Moore, Montreal | 100 |
| Capt. Cook, Northburg | 80 |
| Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke | 80 |
| Ensign Yerex, Brockville | 76 |
| Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall | 75 |
| Capt. McLean, Cornwall | 75 |
| P. S. M. Rice, Montreal | 75 |
| Sergt. Rogers, Montreal | 75 |
| Capt. Fletcher, Brockville | 75 |
| P. S. M. Veal, Barre | 70 |
| Capt. Lang, Napanee | 70 |
| Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville | 70 |
| Capt. Norman, Quebec | 63 |
| Capt. Burich, Newport | 60 |
| Capt. O'Neill, Kempsville | 55 |
| Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury | 60 |
| Capt. Stator, Trenton | 55 |
| Capt. Stator, Ontario | 51 |
| Capt. Rotura, Choung | 50 |
| Mrs. Hayes, Napanee | 50 |
| Mrs. Kog, Napanee | 50 |
| Sergt. Shaver, Montreal | 50 |
| Capt. Vance, Burlington | 50 |
| Sergt. Thompson, Belleville | 50 |
| Capt. Constock, Port Hope | 50 |
| Lieut. Croder, Port Hope | 50 |
| Chad. Galt, Sherbrooke | 50 |
| Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke | 50 |
| Capt. Ash, Peterboro | 40 |
| Lieut. Northcott, Guelph | 40 |
| Sister Barber, Burlington | 40 |
| Adde Donly, Millbrook | 35 |
| Capt. Owen, Peterboro | 35 |
| Sergt. Neels, Barre | 35 |
| Lieut. Pittman, Burlington | 35 |
| Cadet-Lieut. Rutledge, Prescott | 35 |
| Sergt. Hyman, Montreal | 30 |
| Capt. Mitchell, Cambridge | 30 |
| Lieut. Hanks, Cambridge | 30 |
| Capt. Edwards, Napanee | 30 |
| Sergt. Logie, Montreal | 30 |
| Capt. Taylor, Trenton | 30 |
| Capt. Gammitiga, Smith | 30 |
| Sister Harbison, Burlington | 30 |
| Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed | 23 |
| Ensign Sims, Peterboro | 20 |
| Capt. Crego, Millbrook | 20 |
| Capt. Taylor, Trenton | 20 |
| Bro. True, Peterboro | 20 |
| Ensign Wynn, Picton | 20 |
| Sergt. Jewell, Picton | 20 |
| Sergt. Raymo, Barre | 20 |
| Midford Veal, Barre | 20 |

| | |
|--------------------------|----|
| Sergt. Lewis, Montreal | 20 |
| Sergt. Vancor, Montreal | 20 |
| Cadet. Nough, Kemptville | 20 |
| Sergt. Sheppard, Quebec | 20 |

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

65 Hustlers.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Lieut. Parker, Hamilton | 114 |
| Adj. Moore, St. Catharines | 109 |
| Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott St. | 85 |
| Capt. Leil, Menford | 76 |
| P. S. M. Brailley, Temple | 71 |
| Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound | 67 |
| Sister Graves, Owen Sound | 65 |
| S. M. Joyer, Bracebridge | 62 |
| Capt. Mathers, Lisgar St. | 60 |
| Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St. | 60 |
| Adj. DesBrisay, Barrie | 55 |
| Capt. Banks, St. Catharines | 55 |
| Sergt. Goffin, Temple | 52 |
| Capt. Trickey, Orangeville | 50 |
| Lieut. Porter, Barrie | 49 |
| Capt. Gardewick, Hamilton | 47 |
| S. M. Hinton, Oakville | 45 |
| S. M. Gills, Yorkville | 45 |
| Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines | 45 |
| Capt. H. Lister, Richmond St. | 41 |
| Bro. Docherty, Shelburne | 41 |
| Mrs. Brown, Hamilton | 40 |
| Capt. Connors, Collingwood | 40 |
| Lieut. Peacock, Collingwood | 40 |
| Bro. Dixon, Temple | 37 |
| Sergt. Porter, Temple | 36 |
| Lieut. Lamb, Ormance | 35 |
| Lieut. Phillips, Midland | 35 |
| Lieut. I. Lee, North Bay | 35 |
| Capt. Sherwin, Lindsay | 35 |
| Nellie Richards, Lindsay | 30 |
| Capt. Baruch, North Bay | 30 |
| Capt. Dales, Midland | 30 |
| Sister Mellock, Temple | 30 |
| Capt. Patterson, Dundas | 30 |
| J. Loughheed, Dundas | 30 |
| Capt. Stephens, Aurora | 30 |
| Capt. Liddell, Aurora | 27 |
| Sergt. Mand, Slater, Fenelon Falls | 26 |
| Sister Campbell, Chesley | 25 |
| Capt. Howcroft, Gravenhurst | 25 |
| Lieut. Peard, Gravenhurst | 25 |
| Sergt-Major Scott, Bracebridge | 25 |
| S. M. Levers, Lisgar St. | 25 |
| Capt. McKee, Yorkville | 25 |
| Adj. Goodwin, Hamilton | 25 |
| Bro. Nash, Midland | 25 |
| Capt. Welsh, Oakridge | 24 |
| Cand. Milnes, Hamilton | 23 |
| Lieut. Morskill, Shelburne | 23 |
| Capt. Leitch, Temple | 22 |
| Cadet Melchus, Temple | 20 |
| Georgia Sellett, Hamilton | 20 |
| Lillie Case, Hamilton | 20 |
| Jemie Matchett, Lisgar St. | 20 |
| Demanda Thompson, Lisgar St. | 20 |
| Sergt. Mathers, Bracebridge | 20 |
| Capt. Bruni, Chesley | 20 |
| Mrs. Capt. Howell, Fenelon Falls | 20 |
| Capt. McLean, Hamilton | 20 |
| Lieut. Ledy, Hamilton | 20 |
| Lieut. Meader, Shropshire Falls | 20 |
| Lieut. Stander, Shropshire Falls | 20 |
| Capt. Boe, Oshawa | 20 |
| Lieut. Bone, Lindsay | 20 |

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

75 Hustlers.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Mrs. Adj. Fraser, Halifax | 237 |
| Sergt. Conrad, Halifax | 120 |
| Lieut. B. Long, Yarmouth | 120 |
| Sergt. Vohnd, Halifax | 124 |
| Capt. Leachley, Glace Bay | 105 |
| P. S. M. Smith, Windsor | 105 |
| Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney | 100 |
| Sergt. Mirey, St. John | 100 |
| Lieut. Taylor, Anvers | 100 |
| Naali Fitch, Hamilton | 100 |
| Mrs. Santura, Hamilton | 100 |
| Capt. Brehan, Hamilton | 100 |
| Lieut. Wyatt, Chatham | 100 |
| Ensign Jennings, Springhill | 100 |
| Cadet B. Deane, Windsor | 100 |
| Lieut. Tiller, St. John | 100 |
| Capt. Perry, St. John | 100 |
| Mrs. Capt. Lochner, St. Stephen | 100 |
| Capt. Allan, St. John | 75 |
| Capt. Miller, St. John | 75 |
| Capt. Gentry, St. John | 70 |
| Lieut. Young, Hamilton | 70 |
| Lieut. Redmond, Dartmouth | 69 |
| Sergt. Armstrong, St. John | 60 |
| Capt. Bell, St. George's | 60 |
| Capt. Cowan, Sunnington | 59 |
| Lieut. Smith, Fairville | 55 |
| S. W. Clark, Charlott | 55 |
| S. Mump, Charlott | 55 |
| Lieut. A. Marthorough, Windsor | 55 |
| Bro. Reid, St. John | 55 |
| Mrs. Capt. Allan, St. John | 55 |
| P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay | 55 |
| A. Ross, Bridgetown | 44 |
| J. Hardwick, Bridgetown | 44 |
| Adj. Fraser, Halifax | 42 |
| Cadet M. Vaudine, Yarmouth | 40 |
| Lieut. McKim, Canning | 40 |

D. O. BRANT BOONING THE WAR CRY.



This Is the Way Nigger Gets Ahead. See!

(From an original - sold out by a Junior)

| | |
|--------------------------------|----|
| Lieut. Notting, Liverpool | 40 |
| Lieut. White, Sussex | 40 |
| Lieut. Hawfield, Penco | 40 |
| Capt. Welch, Woodstock | 40 |
| Cadet Worsley, Sydney | 40 |
| Mrs. Ensign Larder, Hamilton | 40 |
| Capt. G. Thompson, N. Sydney | 40 |
| Sister Butler, St. John | 40 |
| Ensign Larder, Hamilton | 40 |
| Bro. Fairweather, St. John | 40 |
| Capt. Harst, Brantford | 40 |
| Capt. McArthur, Chatham | 40 |
| Lieut. Marthorough, Eastport | 40 |
| M. Matheson, Springfield | 40 |
| Capt. Doyle, Digby | 40 |
| Capt. Laves, Sydney | 40 |
| Lieut. McLellan, Sydney | 40 |
| Capt. Hargrave, Sydney | 40 |
| Capt. Loder, St. Stephen | 40 |
| Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton | 40 |
| Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth | 40 |
| Bro. Rice, Glace Bay | 40 |
| Mrs. Adj. Vigors, Fredericton | 40 |
| Bro. Lethbridge, Glace Bay | 40 |
| Capt. Richards, Bridgewater | 40 |
| Lieut. Pennington, Bridgewater | 40 |
| Lieut. Taton, North Head | 40 |
| Capt. Peckham, North Head | 40 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton | 40 |
| Sergt. Beaudry, Fredericton | 40 |
| Capt. Beaudry, Halifax | 40 |
| L. Upton, St. John | 40 |
| J. S. S. Bishop, Fredericton | 40 |
| Sister E. Newell, Dartmouth | 40 |
| Cadet McKee, New Glasgow | 40 |
| Cadet McDonald, Fredericton | 40 |
| Capt. Hudson, Kentville | 40 |
| Lieut. McWilliams, Kentville | 40 |
| Capt. Ryan, Truro | 40 |
| Capt. Anderson, Clark's Harbor | 40 |
| Lieut. Leblanc, Truro | 40 |

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

45 Hustlers.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Cadet Cook, Winnipeg | 238 |
| Capt. Brander, Medicine Hat | 82 |
| Ensign Taylor, Calgary | 75 |
| Lieut. Miron, Bat Portage | 70 |
| Capt. Wick, Edmonton | 70 |
| Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks | 70 |
| Capt. Price, Winnipeg | 67 |
| Capt. McKay, Port Arthur | 65 |
| Lieut. Ouster, Jamestown | 65 |
| Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert | 60 |
| Capt. Myer, Devil's Lake | 60 |
| Capt. Wick, Edmonton | 60 |
| Capt. Snakes, Moose Jaw | 60 |
| Capt. Barrager, Port William | 60 |
| Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge | 60 |
| Ensign Dunn, Grand Forks | 60 |
| Mrs. Adj. Brailley, Portage | 60 |
| Ensign E. Hayes, Brandon | 60 |
| Lieut. White, Edmonton | 60 |
| Lieut. Taylor, Neepawa | 60 |
| Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge | 60 |
| Lieut. Hargan, Souris | 60 |
| Capt. Elliott, Dauphin | 60 |
| Lieut. Russell, Moorhead | 60 |
| Father Harvey, Valley City | 60 |
| Capt. Foll, Grafton | 60 |
| Mrs. Capt. Gillan, Carberry | 60 |
| Cadet Lawford, Brandon | 60 |
| Capt. Kewick, Emerson | 60 |
| Capt. Charlton, Calgary | 60 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Taylor, Campan | 60 |
| Lieut. Ouster, Regina | 60 |
| Capt. Anderson, Bismarck | 60 |
| Lieut. Miller, Almont | 60 |
| Capt. Cook, Regina | 60 |
| Cadet Morris, Bat Portage | 60 |
| Lieut. Quist, Portage in Prairie | 60 |
| Lieut. Nutall, Devil's Lake | 60 |
| Lieut. Ferguson, Grand Forks | 60 |
| Capt. Hanson, Almont | 60 |
| Lieut. Scott, Laramore | 60 |
| Mrs. Ensign Hankins, Bat Portage | 60 |
| Capt. Askin, Hagnah | 60 |
| Corps-Cadet Johnson, Bismarck | 60 |
| Lieut. Hardy, Vinden | 60 |

Moar of Mike's Movin

Editor—
a mite poor fter that husn
friends, as me friends are ur
on to rite moar, in spite of a fe
the hart, that I've rht in match
a, an that Mike is an old man y
it's this he died an gin the y
a chance, I'm constrained to
the moar, an so there iz wun
why I kontinue to rite beside
popular wid me friends. It's
of the mite power ay the
en rith for such a paper as yo
me from Summerside, P. E. I.
man was had a sick knf, an red
from the ago, he went out an
a puer bout a kip of yest kn,
the Ladio sed to Mr. Weir, I
think, when rith that little
at a poor sick least so fur a
it be helped by it. An so, s
he need to use our talents
we never know what god we
to man or beast. Weif now
eakin or beasts, I must as I've
asked and the mite stul, and I
me movin again. At Portec
the Amos marchin down
reel, an you wun karrien a
they sat down on the street an

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

40 Hustlers.

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Capt. Ziebart, Butte | 20 |
| Adj. McGill, Nelson | 20 |
| Cadet Buck, Victoria | 20 |
| Capt. Fisher, Missoula | 20 |
| Adj. Ayre, Billings | 20 |
| Capt. Moore, Vancouver | 20 |
| Whipple, Vancouver | 20 |
| Ensign Connors, Helena | 20 |
| Cadet Owen, Revelstoke | 20 |
| Capt. Galt, Rossland | 20 |
| Bro. Trevelan, Spokane | 20 |
| Mrs. Mrs. Haykins, Great Falls | 20 |
| Ensign Mortimer, Victoria | 20 |
| Capt. Walrath, Livingston | 20 |
| Capt. Ledrew, Spokane | 20 |
| Adj. Stevens, Rossland | 20 |
| Capt. Perryman, Kamloops | 20 |
| Capt. Raymond, Kamloops | 20 |
| Capt. Morris, New Westminster | 20 |
| Capt. Miller, New Westminster | 20 |
| Sister Hoffman, New Westminster | 20 |
| Sergt. Glen, Butte | 20 |
| Capt. Scott, Victoria | 20 |
| Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo | 20 |
| Capt. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo | 20 |
| Capt. Bigney, Spokane | 20 |
| Lieut. Johnson, Spokane | 20 |
| Sister Crane, Great Falls | 20 |
| Capt. Shaver, Vancouver | 20 |
| Cadet Smith, Great Falls | 20 |
| Mrs. Capt. Brown, Dillon | 20 |
| Capt. Meredith, Bozeman | 20 |
| Capt. Southall, Revelstoke | 20 |
| Sister McDougall, Helena | 20 |
| Adj. Hay, New Westminster | 20 |
| Bro. Hill, Rossland | 20 |
| Sister Fortin, Rossland | 20 |
| Capt. Langill, Kamloops | 20 |
| Lieut. Saint, Kamloops | 20 |
| Mrs. Bliss, Spokane | 20 |

NEWFOUNDLAND PROV.

20 Hustlers.

| | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| Sergt. Lidstone, St. Johns | 1 |
| Capt. S. James, St. Johns | 1 |
| Capt. B. Locke, Chamel | 1 |
| Cadet Dart, St. Johns | 1 |
| Cadet LeDrew, St. Johns | 1 |
| Sergt-Major Newman, Twill | 1 |
| Sergt. Wheeler, Twillingate | 1 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. Johns | 1 |
| Sergt-Major Ebnary, St. Johns | 1 |
| Sergt. B. Mungford, St. Johns | 1 |
| Capt. M. Newbury, St. Johns | 1 |
| Lieut. Hinchings, St. Johns | 1 |
| Sergt. Payne, St. Johns | 1 |
| Sergt. Hecock, St. Johns | 1 |
| Mary Blunden, St. Johns | 1 |
| Cadet Smith, Bay Roberts | 1 |
| Mrs. Seaward, Bay's Cante | 1 |
| Sergt. Bartlett, Brigus | 1 |

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

Stagway, S.

Dear Editor—

Our sales for week ending

as follows:

Capt. E. Goodhig

Lieut. Long

We challenge ALL! Ansh

Hoar of Mike's Movins



This Is the Way Nigger Gets Ahead. See
(From an original sketch sent by a Junior.)

| | | | |
|--|-------------|---------------------------------|--|
| | 20 | D. C. BRANT BOOMING THE WAR CRY | |
| le..... | 20 | | |
| le..... | 20 | | |
| le..... | 20 | | |
| PROVINCE. | | | |
| | 114 | | |
| mies..... | 100 | | |
| it St..... | 85 | | |
| le..... | 70 | | |
| ole..... | 61 | | |
| Somud..... | 78 | | |
| aud..... | 07 | | |
| | 02 | | |
| | 40 | | |
| | 55 | | |
| rnices..... | 52 | | |
| | 56 | | |
| le..... | 50 | | |
| | 49 | | |
| tion I..... | 47 | | |
| | 45 | | |
| rnices..... | 45 | | |
| and St..... | 44 | | |
| | 41 | | |
| | 40 | | |
| dood..... | 40 | | |
| | 37 | | |
| | 37 | | |
| Capt. Welch, Woodstock | 36 | | |
| Lieut. Jones, Woodstock | 35 | | |
| Mrs. Eneage Loring, Hamilton | 35 | | |
| Capt. G. Thompson, Hamilton | 35 | | |
| Sister Butler, St. John N. | 39 | | |
| Ensign Langley, Hamilton | 31 | | |
| Bro. Fairweather, St. John N. | 30 | | |
| L. Smith, Halifax H. | 35 | | |
| Capt. McElchallin, Chatham | 30 | | |
| Lieut. Marchbank, Eastport | 30 | | |
| M. Matheson, Springfield | 30 | | |
| Capt. Doyle, Digby | 30 | | |
| Capt. Laws, Sydney | 30 | | |
| Lieut. McLellan, Sydney | 30 | | |
| Gadet Weakley, Sydney | 20 | | |
| Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen | 20 | | |
| Sergt. Melrose, Fredericton | 20 | | |
| Rio, Rice, Glace Bay | 25 | | |
| Mrs. Ault, Wiggins, Fredericton | 25 | | |
| B. Drew, Glace Bay | 25 | | |
| Capt. Richards, Bridgewater | 25 | | |
| Lieut. Pennerham, Bridgewater | 25 | | |
| Capt. Peckham, North Head | 25 | | |
| Sergt. Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton | 20 | | |
| Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton | 20 | | |
| Capt. Bradbury, Halifax H. | 20 | | |
| L. Upton, St. John V. | 20 | | |
| S. S. M. Bishop, Fredericton | 20 | | |
| Sister B. Newell, Dartmouth | 20 | | |
| Gadet McKenzie, New Glasgow | 20 | | |
| Gadet McDonald, Pictou | 20 | | |
| Capt. Hudson, Kentville | 20 | | |
| Lieut. McWilliams, Kentville | 20 | | |
| Capt. Ryan, Truro | 20 | | |
| Capt. Anderson, Clark's Harbor | 20 | | |
| Lieut. Lehman, Truro | 20 | | |
| NORTH-WEST PROVINCE. | | | |
| | 45 Hunters. | | |
| Gadet Cook, Winnipeg | 253 | | |
| Capt. Brander, Medicine Hat | 82 | | |
| Ensign Taylor, Calgary | 70 | | |
| Lieut. Miron, Fort Porcupine | 70 | | |
| Capt. Hurst, Fargo | 70 | | |
| Capt. Blockett, Grand Forks | 67 | | |
| Capt. Price, Winnipeg | 67 | | |
| Capt. McKay, Port Arthur | 65 | | |
| Lieut. Custler, Jameslowyn | 65 | | |
| Capt. Livingston, Prince Albert | 60 | | |
| Lieut. Miron, Morris Lake | 58 | | |
| Capt. Viek, Edmonton | 58 | | |
| Capt. Stokles, Moose Jaw | 51 | | |
| Capt. Barrager, Fort William | 59 | | |
| Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge | 50 | | |
| Ensign Dean, Grand Forks | 50 | | |
| Mrs. Adlt. Bendley, Porcupine In Prairie | 47 | | |
| Ensign E. Hayes, Brandon | 47 | | |
| Lieut. H. White, Edmonton | 47 | | |
| Sister Taylor, Negeawa | 45 | | |
| Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge | 45 | | |
| Lieut. Hungen, Souris | 44 | | |
| Capt. Elliott, Dauphin | 41 | | |
| Lieut. Russell, Morris Lake | 40 | | |
| Father Harvey, Valley City | 40 | | |
| Capt. Fell, Grafton | 40 | | |
| Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Carberry | 40 | | |
| Capt. Lawford, Brandon | 38 | | |
| Capt. Kennel, Emerson | 31 | | |
| Capt. Myron, Regina Lake | 32 | | |
| Sergt. Mrs. Taylor, Carman | 28 | | |
| Lieut. Gusterson, Regina | 27 | | |
| Capt. Anderson, Blumcrk | 26 | | |
| Lieut. Muller, Minot | 26 | | |
| Lieut. Cook, Grafton | 26 | | |
| Ensign Morris, Rat Fawcett | 25 | | |
| Gadet Ashten, Berthier in Prairie | 28 | | |
| Lieut. Nuttall, Devil's Lake | 25 | | |
| Lieut. Ferguson, Grand Forks | 25 | | |
| Capt. Hanson, Minot | 23 | | |
| Lieut. Scott, Laramore | 23 | | |
| Ensign Hakker, Rat Porcupine | 30 | | |
| Gadet Ashten, Huganah | 25 | | |
| Corps Cadet Johnson, Blumcrk | 20 | | |
| Lieut. Hardy, Yndian | 20 | | |

"Ddier--
 is a mite poor riter that hasn't got
 friends, an as me friends are uthin
 to rite mor, in spite o' m'uch all
 as, an that Mike is an ole mau now
 's the mite he died an o' the yow
 is a chance, I'm konsouthered that
 mite mor, an so there iz wun
 o' the mite power o' the pait
 rithn for such a paper as yours
 sur, sur, just a fud sin ago wint
 kink, wun o' the mite power o' the
 wun who had a sick kaff, an redin iz
 Wat-Cry o' the lectue Mr. Wel
 sum tim ago, he went out an giv
 poor beint a kuf o' yent an giv
 kink, wun o' the mite power o' the
 "ink, wun rithn that little pees
 a poor kiek beint so far away
 it be helped by it. O so, sez iz
 they need to use our taleats well
 we know what giv an many
 to mau or beint. Well yow, sur
 kink o' beints, I must sa I've lef
 kokota and the milk stuf, and start
 me mowin again. At Four o' the
 kink, wun o' the mite power o' the
 o' eateh wun karrin a chain
 they set down on the street an

a fine meetin, an got over five dollars
killeckshan. At Port Hope I was at
some meetins led by Bishop Black-
burn, an sum ladies, an Mr. Parker.

Slim Jim, the Fiddler

He friended Silim Jim, the addler, was there too. Jim has a far away look in his eye, as tho he was loath to obey the scripture where it sez, "Go West young man," but then Jim's speshul friend, I'll say no more. Jim's speshul friend, he had a mecting at de Mundaute hotel Mr. Parker led, a hustled of betis solem as usual, it was kinder jolly like. Things was golu well when a little moase came out at de end of de platform. There's a moose! He sez, "Mr. Mundaute, tior if he hed sed, 'The Boers are n'poa re'" it would hardly hev made a grater sunshinn. The ludus jump'd an holleed, kwite forgettin their dignity. Well, sur, it don't take mantes of an illiterate to see dat de moose was on. Lord, give us more of de rite, on. Lord, give us now or for thee, sez I Well, sur, I must hurrie on, for I've got to move a long way before I'm duz this tim. I seed Mr. Kake at Belleville. He crowdied on de bot till it was full, an still a lot wos left on de dock wintla to go. It

plated to sho, an was feelin' mite
lud. I tried me best to cheer him up,
but his was bird work. At a tele-
gram, him kin said, "The pictures is
good, but the 'Porker' were bad."
Polat an seed the parcel. His face
browned. "I've got a gud thing this
tin," sez he. "But, oh! the deceivful
apple!" He took the parcel out, and
deeper and deeper down into the par-
cel, his fns laked sader an sader, fur
no pictures and he see. At last what
appeared. It was the only won't to
see. An wad a poor friend.
Me poor friend Parker pulled it out
an looked at it, his fns blowed over
his eyes dashed, his humin' heaved with
emoshun as he gazed on it. It was a
picture of a poor friend. "Eh, what
a nice bite out infun' one me poor
friend felt so bad, an there was all
his plans upset fur dis to kin, all
by a Janned picture!" sez he.
"I sez to me 'Porker,' 'or this
was sa there iz tu or a kid.' An
taku my advice, he sez, 'I'll try to
forget all about it for Sunda naytr.'"
an sure he was, and he was pake
an loved, an the more than pake
fur all the disappointments.

A Preacher and a General.

I made up me mind to go on wth Mr. Parker to his next appointments

Harvest Home has come again.

Words and Music by STAN CART. PLATE

[illegible]

was a tin that made Mr. Karter smile and gladdened him a big lump on his leg where he carries the pocket-book. Mr. Kendall was tickled with the snide similes as he sat later the other a line at Garden Road.

Would Make Angels Weep.

Lidin down at Cornwall, I herd what
 wud make an nuger weep. I was
 hunky rith a letter (I na not tellin yer
 who in) when I was startled by sum
 awful enesh and swearn, an lookin
 up, I seed a child or about three yers
 wud doin a dancin' on his toes.
 "Whoo! Ah, Mr. Editor, ma the Lord
 help yer Armeer to luk arter the child-
 er, the little darlins. Did'a not our bless-
 ed Lord sa, "Snuffe the little wuns to
 kum into Me," an here was a little
 wun lawt to enns and ever by some
 devil of a muu. Sare, I see now what
 the Lord ment when He sed "I werr
 a child, an a little one, an was hangin'
 about his neck un de best into the
 sea."

Well, lookin' up the Arace I met Miss McLeena, who iz the kummandin' in-charge here now. She lied sum wondrous derful stories to tell ov Newfound-land, which she has just kam frum. Passin' east to Montreal, I saw me friend, Mr. Parker, again. Ye've heard ov the hen on the hot gridiron, that didn't know which fut to stand on to keep cool. Well, sur, that was the fix Mr. Parker was in. He was to sho his pictures that ute and had no

[illegible]

John Ganuck's Return.
Thousand love pepel rushed to the dok

blows blotted, bells rung, cannon
 boomed, an 120 brave boys stepped
 on shore, while cheers from thousands
 o' throats rent the air. I tuck off me
 as an assailed. An' honours to
 boys who' the nation's fur Queen
 and kuntry, sez I'm jolued in the cheer,
 but wit all n' sea feelaag k'cept round
 me hurt, all this glory fur sheddin
 the blood o' fellowmen, thanks I, an men
 who the Lord loves as much as any-
 body, sez I'm jolued in the cheer, I
 sunk lower still az I t'ot o' the ene-
 mies (worse than Boers wid guns
 and swords) which stood redy to curse
 our dear boys. There was the whis-
 key shops within Kanada had leensed
 to the boys, des'p'it' the law, an' the
 boys who gave their blood for the
 Empire, an' tha' was s'yn open wid
 free drioks for the boys. Free hell
 nu damnation, thanks I. Oh, the poor
 boys, me hart is sore fur them, an' it
 feels like ever me hart is sore fur
 who have fought fur Queen and
 kuntry an the dear Lord besides. Mr.
 Editor, when ye pray to-nite just put
 in a word fur our dear sojer boys.
 God bless thea. Well, sur, me mind
 been made solem wid these tho'ts, it
 came in, an' thea I sez, thea sur, the
 heroes git here, what kind o' a wel-
 come will the sojers o' the Cross git,
 who have been heroes for the Lord?
 An as I he picked up the paper an seed
 the promiss' o' Mrs. Phillips, I t'ot
 an' an' an' tho't, the eclipse all the
 glory o' the world, thea I sez, I wud
 think, Mr. Editor, o' that womma
 mardra on fur g'ns so heavily agin
 the povers o' sin, telling "uz Jesus,
 the Mighty to save" an' thea faul
 dead as hrave as a conque'ant; ye,
 hrave fur sinners, more than a con-
 queror. If ye sez Mr. Phillips, sur
 will ye still shake his hand an tell him
 even Movin Mike feels like droppin
 a tear o' sympathy for him. Mr. Ed-
 itor, let you an I be wid these heroes
 more pain, more sorrow, nor crying.
 Amen.

MISSING

Fig. 1. *Phragmites*, *Relbunium* and *Proserpinaca*

We will search for missing persons in any part of our globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelina Booth, 16 Albany St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

MILLER, ANANIAS. Left St. Johns, Nfld., for Brazil, some 43 years ago. Medium height, dark complexion. Uaele enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

VAN ATTER, FRANK. Age 52, looks older, height 6 ft, dark complexion. Employed at Bell Telephone Co. Went to Klondike three years ago. No news for one year. Last known address Anvil City. May be in Nome. Had a team of alme dogs. Wife enquires. Address Equulry, Toronto.

McNAMARA, ALBERT. Age 35, very tall, 5 ft. 11 in., weight 170 lbs., dark hair tinged with grey, round face with deep dimples, strong, loud voice in singing. Last heard of in Toronto, at Exhibition time this fall. Dressed in dark suit. Wife and family anxious to know of his whereabouts. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WILSON, JAMES. Last heard of at Rossland, B. C., four years ago. Supposed to own four gold mines in Boundary Creek Co. He also lived in Oregon and California. Age 42, height 5 ft. 9 in., born in Picton, Ont., fair complexion, wears a moustache, has two fingers off his left hand, also first joint off middle finger of same hand. Left father's home in 1877. Father very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

ALDERS, MRS. T. G. Last heard from at 296 Aqueduct St., Montreal. Supposed to have gone to New York, possibly to England. Brother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GUILLOD, DAVID. About 55 years of age. Was born in Sloan Square, Chelsea, England, and his home is still there, the property of his sisters. He is tall, slight, sandy, bordering on red. A gentlemanly, refined-looking man, wearing spectacles. Address: 1414 Bloor St. W., Toronto.

Songs of the Week

SELECTED BY ENSIGN DEAN, OF GRAND FORKS, N.D.

ENSIGN FLORENCE DEAN came from Dundas, Ont., in 1897, and after spending three months in the Yorkville Training Garrison, was appointed as Captain to Orléans, W. L. Garrison, Charles L. Russell, Southampton, Durham, Alvinston, and Stratford following in succession; from three to seven months being spent in each place. At Stratford the Ensign's health appears to have broken down, compelling her to take a lengthened furlough. After a few months' rest, however, she again takes her place in the fray, and does a good work at Shogom, Oakville, Paris, Norwich, Wallaceburg, and Guelph. From here, her work seems to have been of a varied character. Ridgeway, Wingham, Woodstock, Guelph, Ingersoll, Berlin, and Liverpool were interspersed with several appointments to special work, for he it known the Ensign is an A. I. special and money collector. Promotion to the Staff, with the rank of Ensign, came in April 1898. In January, 1899, Ensign Dean was appointed to the North-West Province, and to the command of the Calgary Corps and District. Here God wonderfully blessed her labors, and many souls were brought into the Kingdom. The Ensign next took command of Grand Forks Corps and District, where she is at present pushing the claims of God and the war. Ensign Dean is a loyal, blood-and-fire Salvationist, and ranks among our most successful women warriors. Over thirteen years have been spent by her as an officer of the S. A.



Holiness Song.

Times.—Shall we go her at the river?
(R.L. 21). Shall we not beyond
the river? (R.L. 140). Love Divine,
1 I must have the Saviour with me,
For I dare not walk alone;
I must feel His presence near me,
And His arm around me thrown.

Chorus.

Then my soul shall feel no ill,
Let Him lead me where He will,
I will go without a murmur,
And His footsteps follow still.

I must have the Saviour with me,
For my faith is weak;
He can whisper words of comfort,
That no other voice can speak.

I must have the Saviour with me,
In the onward march of life;
Thro' the tempest and the sunshine,
Thro' the battle and the strife.

I must have the Saviour with me,
And His eye the way must guide,
Till I reach the vale of Jordan,
Till I cross the swelling tide.

Testimony.

Time.—Oh, joyful sound (R.L. 112). S.M.
1. 1923.

2 My soul is now united to Christ,
The living Vine,
His grace I long have sought, but
now I feel Him mine;
I was to God a stranger, till Jesus took
me in,
He freed my soul from danger, and
purged all my sin.
Soon as my all I ventured on the aton-
ing blood,
The Holy Spirit entered, and I was
born of God;
My sins are all forgiven, I feel His
blood applied,
And I shall go to heaven if I in Christ
abide.

By goods and dainties surrounded, I
still my way pursue,
Nor shall I be conformed with glory
in my view,
Still Christ is my salvation—what can
I covet more?
I fear no condemnation, my Father's
wrath is o'er.

Salvation.

Times.—In memoriam (R.L. 308). Bet-
ter world (R.L. 11).

3 There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and we are done away,
Oh, so bright!

There music fills the happy air,
And angels with bright wings are
there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!

Put wicked things, and hosts of prey,
Come not there!
And ruthless death, and fierce decay,
Come not there!
There all are holy, all are good,
Our hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood.

And guilty sinners renewed,
Come not there!

Though we are sinners every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is
gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of glory reign,
Jesus died!

Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away!
We're bound to reach our Father's
home,
Come away!

Oh, come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast,
Our turn will surely come at last,
Come away!

Consider a While.

Time.—Red River Valley.

4 'Tis a long time your Saviour's
been waiting,
For the words that you never
would say,
And, alas! how His sad heart you're
grieving,
His Spirit you're driving away.

Chorus.

Then consider awhile ere you slight
Him,
Do not listen away from the crier

But remember the cross upon Calvary,
And the Saviour Who died there for
you.

He was numbered among the trans-
gressors,
Mocked by foes, forsaken by friends,
Words can never describe how He suf-
fered,
And His pardon to you now He
sends.

Oh, how often you've heard the sweet
story,
So strange, yet we know it is true;
As you hear it again, oh, remember
That this wonderful love was for
you.

Bring your poor heart, all burdened
with sorrow,
Bring your poor heart now burdened
with sin,
In His infinite love and compassion,
He will take the poor wanderer in.

Dream of the Judgment.

5 I dreamed that the great Judge-
ment Morn'g
Had dawned and the trumpet
had blown;
I dreamed that the nations had gath-
ered
In judgment before the great throne,
From the throne came a bright, shin-
ing angel,
And stood on the land and the sea,
And swore, with his hand raised to
heaven,
That time was no longer to be.

Chorus.

Then, oh, what a weeping and wailing,
When the lost ones heard of their
fate!
They cried for the rocks and the
mountains,
They prayed, but their prayers were
too late.

The rich man was there, but his
mummy
Had melted, and vanished away,
A pauper he stood at the Judgment,
His debts were too heavy to pay.
The great man was there, but his
greatness,

When death came, was left far be-
hind;
The angel that carried the record,
No trace of his greatness could find.

The widow was there, and the orphan,
God heard and remembered their
cries;
No sorrow in heaven for ever,
God wipes all the tears from their
eyes.
The gambler was there, and the
drunkard,
And the man who had sold him the
drink,
With the people who gave him the
license,
Together in hell did they sink.

I Will Not Forget Thee.

6 Sweet is the promise, I will not
forget thee;
Nothing shall molest, nor turn
my soul away,
Even though the night be dark within
the valley,
Just beyond is shining an eternal
day.

Chorus.

I will not forget thee, nor leave thee,
In my hands I'll hold thee,
In my arms I'll fold thee,
I will not forget thee, nor leave thee,
I am thy Redeemer, I will care for
thee.

Trusting in the promise, I will not
forget thee,
Onward will I go, with songs of joy
and love;
Thou' earth despise, tho' my friends
forsake me,
I shall be remembered in that home
above.

When at thy golden portals I am
standing,
All my tribulations, all my sorrows
o'er,
How sweet to hear the blessed pro-
clamation,
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome
home at last."

THE COMMISSIONER

WILL CONDUCT

Three Grand Meetings

On Three Sundays in October.

Sunday Afternoon, October 14th,

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION,

"The Broken Link."

Sunday Afternoon, October 21st,

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION,

"Five Years After."

Sunday Night, October 28th,

MASSEY MUSIC HALL,

"Toward a Better World."

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HEAVENLY SOLDIERS' AND LOCAL
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OLD-TIME RE-UNIONS AND SOUL-SAVING
MEETINGS.

Special Railway Fares will be arranged for.